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THE Fool of Quality;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

By Mr BROOKE.

VOL. V.

A NEW EDITION,

GREATLY ALTERED AND IMPROVED.

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FOOL of QUALITY;

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BUT it may now be thought full time to return to the head-branch of this noble family.

Nearly nine years had now elapſed ſince the earl and his lady had ſeen or heard of their Harry, except by two or three anonymous notes in a year, giving a ſhort account of his health and accompliſhments; inſomuch that time and long abſence had, in a meaſure, worn him from the regrets of the family; excepting his brother Richard, on whom Harry's generoſity, in taking his quarrel upon himſelf, had left an affecting and indelible impreſſion.

Lord Richard was, indeed, ſweetly diſpoſitioned by nature, and of an aſpect and perſon extremely elegant; and as he had tutors in all branches, in which he choſe to be inſtructed, he learned ſufficient, by way of amuſement, to render him one of the moſt accompliſhed youths in the nation. He was alſo, naturally, unaſſuming, and modeſtly diſpoſed; but the unremitted adulation of domeſtics and dependents, with the complimentary artillery of all the neighbours and viſitants, could not fail of ſome impreſſion, at leaſt ſo far as to make it evident that he was conſcious of his condeſcenſion when he became familiar with you.

He was, however, eaſy to all who applied to him for any favour; exceeding charitable to the poor; and particularly fond of our Harry's foſter-mother, and kind to her for Harry's ſake.

He was turned of nineteen years of age, when his parents, for his amuſement and the finiſhing of his education, reſolved to accompany him on a tour to France.

They ſet out with a ſuitable equipage, and a nominal tutor, whom they engaged, rather with a view of being a watch upon our young Lord's motions, than the intendant of his principles, or the former of his manners.

Nothing material happened till their arrival

at

at Paris, where the earl took a ſumptuous palace in the Rue de Vaugirard.

When he had ſettled his houſehold, he went to enquire after his intimates of fifty years ago. Some three or four of them had ſtill ſurvived. He renewed his acquaintance with them, and engaged them, their friends and families, to rich and frequent entertainments, whereby his palace ſpeedily became the reſort of one of the moſt elegant circles in Paris.

Young Clinton quickly entered into familiarity and confidence with ſuch of the young nobility as frequented his father's; and they took him abroad on ſeveral parties of pleaſure, and introduced him to the birds of their own diſtinguiſhed feather.

He was by no means inclined to a contemptible opinion of himſelf, and this conduced greatly to his aſſured eaſy and lively deportment among his fellows. He found their manners congenial and elementary to his own natural turn and diſpoſition; and he engaged with avidity in all their frolics and debaucheries. In a little time he was ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed from a native, and he acquired the appellation of the elegant Engliſhman.

As numbers of this gay peerage were of thoſe who led the taſte, and gave a ſtamp and currency to the fleeting faſhions of France; it is not ſurpriſing that they ſhould run into a variety of exceſſes, which nothing, could ex-

cuſe, and which their quality alone could warrant.

Our young Engliſhman ſwam willingly down the ſtream of pleaſure. A warm imagination ſuſceptible of the ſlighteſt impreſſions; a ſpirit apt to diſſipation; a heart prone to indulgence, though not void of humanity; inaction, affluence, example, adulation, and an impetuoſity of nature to an own will and an own ſeeking, joined to conſtitute a current, that a youth, burning toward his meridian, had neither the deſire nor ability to oppoſe.

Every year produces a new taſte of converſe, of writing, and of dreſſing, at Paris; and although ſuch taſtes are frivolous and tranſitory, they yet amuſe for the ſeaſon, and grow reſpectable and cultivated by being the vogue.

Several ladies of high rank piqued themſelves on being given by the public to young Clinton, and were vain of exhibiting him in the Thuilleries. Neither was his conduct accounted ſcandalous. Intriguing is the faſhion. No woman in Paris was, at that time, ſuppoſed exempt from her critical minute; and, in the general, all minutes were preſumed ſufficiently critical. The heart had no concern in the commerce between the ſexes; their amours were commenced and continued without paſſion, and they parted without reproaches or regret.

If a woman had diſtinction and fortune ſufficient to hold her favours above ſale, ſhe was very

very little degraded by being known to have granted them; and her hotel was as much frequented, and her acquaintance more cultivated, than if she had been chaste and honourable.

Slander, indeed, was a subject in every conversation, not through any apparent malice, but for want of something more entertaining to say. However, it lost much of its point by being so universal; and as such numbers in high life divided the scandal among them, the respective portions became light and easily portable by individuals.

A pause in converse was dreaded as a reproach to all present. They who could incessantly say something upon nothing, were accounted the reigning cast of what was called good company. They talked upon religion, war, politics, love, philosophy, taste, &c. as smooth stones, that the children call *ducks and drakes*, skim the surface of water without entering its mass. They argued, it is true, with warmth, but without attempting to encroach on the province of reason; sprightliness filled up the void of sense; and the quickness of transition from one topic to another agreeably supplied the want of connection.

To give Lord Richard a thorough taste of all fashionable extravagancies, his young associates engaged him on a lewd party, where twelve of them contributed a hundred Louis

per

per man, for the entertainment of as many courteſans of quality.

On another night, about twenty of this noble poſſe, being ſomething intoxicated, combined in a licentious frolic of ſcouring the ſtreets. They accordingly iſſued ſword in hand, terrifying all the men, and making free with all the women whom they happened to meet. At length, toward Pontroyal, one of our libertines behaved with the rudeſt indecency toward the wife of a citizen, whereon the huſband inſtantly drew, and ran the peer through the body, but, in his turn, was as quickly laid dead on the ſpot by the comrades of the party whom he had ſlain.

The uproar and concourſe began now to be great; and the patrole, on the alarm, mounted on horſes ſhod with leather, came ſuddenly and ſilently upon our young diſſolutes, encompaſſed, took them priſoners, and conveyed them all to the Chatelet, except one of the royal blood whom they did not dare to detain.

Within a few days, however, the murder was huſhed up, and thoſe youthful ſavages were once more let looſe upon the public.

In ſome months after the late adventure, which checked for a ſeaſon the ebullitions of our Richard, he was introduced by the Marquis de Rouſillon to the moſt refined circle of company then in Europe, being the ſelect viſitants of the moſt celebrated and the moſt elegan-

gant of all female libertines, Madam Ninon e l'Enlcos.

In the courſe of converſation, to the eaſy novelty of which young Richard ſat attentive in mute aſtoniſhment, the ſubject happened to turn on the education of young men. Pray, madam, ſaid Richard bluſhing, and addreſſing himſelf to the lady of the houſe, what is the reaſon that no gentleman, as is affirmed, can be duly accompliſhed without the tuition and inſtructions of ſome fine woman? Since I came into this company, indeed, I have already nearly learned to anſwer my own queſtion; for, where a lady moves and looks ſentiment, in every geſture of her perſon and turn of her aſpect, ſhe cannot fail of imparting a portion of her own elegance to the heart and manners of her beholders. He looked fixedly at Madam Ninon, bowed profoundly, and was ſilent.

She ſmiled a look of graciouſneſs to the compliment of the young ſtranger, and then replied.

My ſweet fellow, you are among a ſet of people, perhaps the beſt qualified of any in the world, to give a ſolution to all queſtions without dryneſs or obſcurity; as we make the ſciences themſelves both eaſy and delightful, by carrying philoſophy into gallantry and love.

The firſt man who came into the world was queſtionleſs the moſt perfect, as he retained,

for

for a while, within his ſingle perſon, all the virtues and excellencies, all the amiableneſs and attractions that were within the compaſs of nature to confer; and which hereafter became divided, and were partly appointed for the portion of another.

When this partition was made, to man was left muſcular ſtrength, ſuperior dignity of ſtature, vigour, action, courage, a port bold and majeſtic, and laſtly, the ſceptre of reaſon to rule and moderate in a meaſure the impetuoſity of thoſe qualities.

But as woman was formed from the vital powers and cordial faculties that were neareſt the heart of man, ſhe was endowed with endearing wants, ſhe was gifted with defects, with a timidity that called for the aid of courage, with a weakneſs that commanded the duties of ſupport, and the delicate feelings and melting affections were poured into her boſom. Alas, poor wretch, too large a portion of them fell unhappily to her lot. To man had been aſſigned the regency of the world; but then his dominion was not ſole and undivided; for to woman alſo was aſſigned the ſceptre of ſubmiſſion, that, in meekneſs, might rule the man who ſhould govern the world. Laſtly, She was inveſted with a form that bluſhed at its own beauties, a form that ſwelled into poliſhed roundings, that twined in to

grace

grace over which delight wandered without finding ſtop or reſt.

Hence man, in ſeeking woman, ſeeks a portion of himſelf; he feels a want, a vacuity, a reſtleſs craving without her; and he languiſhes after his original totality.

But then, to be duly united to her, to be duly faſhioned by her, he muſt feel the ſweetneſs of her influence, the magnetiſm of her attractions; in ſhort, he muſt love. The true poliſh and internal refinement of his manners cannot be elaborated by the underſtanding alone; it muſt fundamentally take its riſe from the affections, the touchings and tunings of the heart. Indeed, there lies a kind of covering or icey incruſtation over the virtues themſelves, till all is thawed, and warmed, and ſet at liberty, by love.

This doctrine ſounded uniſons to the ſecret feelings of our young Engliſhman. In the midſt of all his enjoyments, of a looſe to the gratification of every ſenſual deſire, he yet found an unaccountable void within his boſom, and a lurking ſigh would frequently heave at his heart: he felt that he wiſhed and wanted, but did not know what; and he now diſcovered, for the firſt time, that woman could confer a bliſs infinitely preferable to any he yet had taſted; he now found, that he wiſhed and wanted to love, and to be beloved. He longed to put the leſſon of his learned tutoreſs

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in practice; and he went early to the opera, that he might behold and contemplate the ſeveral beauties as they entered.

He was thus intently occupied, and the houſe had nearly filled, when he heaved a deſponding ſigh, at not finding in all that aſſembly a ſingle lady to his taſte.

At length, toward the middle of the ſecond act, the next box was opened, and two ladies entered; the one of a grave and matronly appearance, the other a young creature arrayed in deep mourning, as the moon ſhining forth from amidſt the darkneſs that ſurrounds her.

All eyes were inſtantly turned from every other object, and a long murmur of enquiry and admiration was heard throughout.

Young Clinton's whole ſoul was collected into the ſenſe of viſion, which however did not dare to dwell on the dazzling expanſe of her boſom, or faſcination of her aſpect.

At length ſhe caſt a pair of living brilliants upon him, when his face turned to ſcarlet, and his eyes ſuddenly ſunk beneath the luſtre of her's.

Each of them, thief-like, wiſhed to ſteal an unobſerved gaze at the other, but bluſhed alternately when caught in the fact.

Our Engliſhman, hitherto, had never wanted his full proportion of aſſurance, neither a ready fluency of tongue in all kinds of com-

pany

any: but here, while he wiſhed to ſpeak, all tterance was denied him; and where he viſhed moſt to pleaſe, he trembled for fear of ffending.

He would have conſtrained himſelf, but ound that he was not maſter of his own emoions; a diffidence of his own merit fell ſudenly upon him, and a reſpectful tenderneſs iffuſed itſelf throughout his frame.

He caſt an inquiſitive look abroad, and grew iſturbed and jealous of all who fixed their yes upon her with any eagerneſs of attention; ut he was ſoon conſoled again, when he oberved that ſhe neither ſaluted nor turned an ye of particular regard on any.

At length the opera ended, and our ladies uitted their box; when Clinton haſtened afer, and bowing, preſented his trepid hand to onduct the fair regent of his heart to her arriage. He made way for her and her elerly guardian through the crowd, and having elped them into their coach, he adventured, or the firſt time, to break ſilence, and ſaid,

As I perceive, ladies, that you have no male iend in your train, I will, with your perniſſion, walk by the ſide of your carriage ll I ſee you ſafe home.

Your offer, Sir, replied the matron, is exemely gallant; but why put yourſelf to faigue? here is room and to ſpare; pray be eaſed to ſtep in. As we have nothing to

conceal with reſpect to our perſons or conduct, we ſhall be glad of your company.

His heart bounded at the propoſal, and in he went; while the elderly lady roſe, removed to the back ſeat, and made room for him next the magnet by which he was attracted.

Pray, Sir, ſaid Madam Autriche, how did you like the opera? I proteſt madam, ſaid the youth, I know nothing about the matter; my attention was wholly engroſſed by a more intereſting object. Our countryman, may I preſume? No madam, I am a native of England. I was thinking as much; you have a modeſty, a decency, a delicacy of deportment, that is without exception, a reproach to all the young gentry of France.

Ah madam, exclaimed Clinton, how you ſtrike me with a humiliating ſenſe of my own demerits! Two hours have ſcarce paſſed, ſince I was the moſt conceited, aſſuming, loquacious petit-maitre in all Paris: but my divine tutoreſs here has ſuddenly taught me to look down upon myſelf, and to ſigh after thoſe excellencies that in time might deſerve to attract her regard.

In a little time after, they ſtopped. Two footmen in mourning liveries flew from behind, and one rapped at the door, while the other opened the coach.

As ſoon as Richard had handed out the ladies, he looked attentively at the houſe I hope

ope, madam, said he to Auttriche, you will ardon my taking particular note of a place here I depoſit my heart. Sir, said ſhe, on certain conditions, if you are not otherwiſe engaged, you will oblige us by walking in, and taking ſome little matter of ſupper with us. Ah madam, he cried, the conditions are already performed; I will ſign a chart-blanche, inſert the terms at your pleaſure. It is only, Sir, that you muſt depart when we think proper; we are not of rank ſufficient to ſet us above cenſure, and our reputation is yet very precious to us.

They were then lighted up to a ſonerb dining room, and madam Autriche left the young pair together, while ſhe went to give ſome orders concerning the houſehold.

Lord Richard a minute before, would have given the world for the opportunity which was now preſented to him; to be alone with the incomparable object of his ardours, what happineſs, what cauſe of tranſport! but now that he was poſſeſſed of it, he was embaraſſed, quite diſconcerted. He felt the neceſſity of beginning a converſe, but how to open it was a matter which he dreaded to enterpriſe.—He looked tenderly and confuſedly at her and from her—he drew his chair a little nearer—Madam—ſaid he, at length, with a heſitating and tremulous accent—madam—can you tell me?—I proteſt I know not—I

cannot account for it—that I ſhould be ſtruck ſo utterly ſpeechleſs by the preſence of an object, on which I imagined I could be eloquent for ages.

Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe baſhfully, and muſically attempting to turn the ſubject from herſelf, do the manners of the Engliſh reſemble thoſe of the French?—They wiſh to reſemble you, madam, but they are very awkward copiers. Their clothes are quite in your cut, if they did but know how to put them on. Their ladies too are accounted the faireſt women in the world; indeed I know but one fairer; but then they want that animated air, that elegance of mien, that eaſy ſwim of movement, that graceful winding of perſon, which ſo inimitably diſtinguiſhes the ladies of this country from all others upon earth.

Here notice was brought that ſupper had been ſerved, and that madam Autriche, waited for them.

During the repaſt, My lord, ſays Autriche, ſome of your people are below, and I am now appriſed of the reſpect which we are to pay you; but our error on this head ought hitherto to be excuſable; for though your perſon and appearance is altogether noble, yet the condeſcenſion of your manners no way ſuited the idea I had of elevated rank. O madam, ſaid Richard, in the preſent company all rank muſt ſink, as degraded.

You muſt not yet, my lord, be deceived in your turn; we are no better than plain and honeſt people. This young thing is my neice; the daughter of a principal financier lately deceaſed. Her riches indeed are next to immenſe, and ſhe has had all the education that France could confer. But ſhe pretends not to nobility, except by a diſtant relation, the dowager-marchioneſs de Rouſſe, who is alſo her god-mother. My precious child here, is unexperienced in the world, quite unknowing and unknown; moſtly confined from her infancy to a convent, till called to attend her father in his laſt illneſs; and now, as a dove newly fledged, ſhe ventures under my guardian-wing, to take a ſhort tour, and look a little abroad. Her name, from her parents and baptiſm, is Angelica la Lis.

Moſt aptly denominated, exclaimed the tranſported youth, an angel in heaven and the faireſt flower upon earth.

Come, my lord, take your glaſs; you muſt not expect that we women ſhould keep pace with you rakes at the bottle.

I proteſt to you, my dear madam, I am already intoxicated; my ſoul ſwims in delight; the fabled nectar and ambroſia of the gods of indulgence are poor to the banquet on which my heart now feeds.

Pray, my lord, do the Engliſh ladies put on paint? No, madam, it is the only article

of foppery and folly in which they do not ape the fair ones of France.

Two days ago, I could not but laugh, when a beauty of diſtinction told me, I ſhould ſingularly oblige her, if I would favour her with the ſecret where my niece got her rouge.—In heaven, you ſurely anſwered; for nature has provided no ſuch tint upon earth.

In truth, ſaid Autriche, I think it were a pity that Angelica ſhould paint; and I dread leſt her god mother, or other ladies, who may happen to envy her complexion, ſhould perſuade her into the faſhion, and compel her to put on rouge. There is no fear of that, my dear aunt, anſwered Angelica; I always thought it a defacing rather than any acceſſion to the beauties of nature. Beſide, I think it has the guilt of a lie, and diſhoneſty in it; and independent of the impiety of not being ſatisfied with what God has made us, it is a fraud and impoſition upon the public, and they who practiſe it ſhould be puniſhed as common cheats and impoſtors.

O madamoiſelle, cried the lover, to put paint upon that face would be like a ſign dauber employing his odious bruſh to improve ſome capital piece of Apelles. And yet, on ſecond thoughts, I would to heaven that ſome other covering or maſk might be applied, to preſerve the ſanctitude of that ſpect from profane and vulgar gazing, and

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that the roſe of Eden were reſerved for my eye alone. She ſilently rolled her acknowledging orbs upon him, and diſplayed to him the ſaid roſe in its broadeſt bloom.

I have promiſed, my love, ſaid Autriche, to introduce you to-morrow to the marchioneſs your god-mother, and ſhe propoſes to introduce you to the grande monde.

O heavens! exclaimed Richard, you terrify me to death, madam: introduced to the grande monde! where audaciouſneſs aſſumes a latitude in proportion to rank; where baſhfulneſs, and even decorum, are laughed out of countenance; and where beauty, though divinely appointed to bow the creſt of the great, can ſcarcely command reſpect from the inſolence of power—would you riſk our Angelica into ſuch a fearful peril?

But, madam, ſhould my alarms want ſomething of their foundation; ſhould all like me be at once ſubdued to her regency, and bow down in inſtant obeiſance before her; ſhe will yet be encircled by jealous and contending numbers; ſhe will be ſuffocated, perhaps torn to pieces in the ſtruggle, as Romulus was ſpirited away from the midſt of the ſenate; and each will carry off a portion, a little finger, ſome part of her precious perſon, as a relic to be depoſited in the temple of love.

In all events, my honoured madam, ſhe will

will be utterly loſt to me. Such multitudes of dukes, and potentates, and princes of the blood! perhaps the old monarch himſelf will raviſh her from my arms.

Ah, he cried, and caſt himſelf precipitately at the feet of Autriche, my life, madam, is in your hands; my happineſs, all that I am, depends on your pity, your bounty, your friendſhip, if I dare ſay it, for I would purchaſe it with my beſt blood.

Riſe, my lord, pray riſe; I will not hear you in that poſture; neither till you bring yourſelf to ſpeak with more reaſon and temperance—on theſe conditions I promiſe you ſome intereſt in her regard. He obeyed, and ſhe continued.

Are you, my lord, wholly a ſtranger to the laws and cuſtoms of France? know you not that love has no manner of concern in any conjugal connections; that all children, and eſpecially daughters, depend abſolutely on the will of their parents or guardians? and that nothing is ever conſulted on theſe occaſions, ſave the promotion of the honour or intereſts of the family? Are you not alſo, yourſelf, a dependent? are not your fortunes and inclinations at the pleaſure of your father? may he not contract you, eſpouſe you to whomſoever he thinks proper?

By no means, my dear madam, by no means. My dependence on my father is altogether

together voluntary, not of legal compulsion. I am indeed so affected by his unmerited indulgence, that I think it would nearly break my heart to disoblige him; but it is not in his power to deprive me either of title, or fortune; they were settled by my grandfather on the eldest of the male-issue.

And now, madam, will you permit me to reason with you a little on the pernicious customs of your country? You affirm, that in all treaties of nuptial concernment, your parents and guardians are no way influenced by the inclinations of their offspring or their wards: but does not this also affirm, that they themselves are dead to natural affection and humanity; that they advert solely to the gratification of their own vanity, self-interest, or caprice; and that they savagely betray that tender and secret trust, which God, nature, and the laws, committed into their hands for the happiness of those whom they thus inhumanly sacrifice?

Has not God implanted in our bosoms, from the womb, a special magnetism of affections, of propensities and sympathies, that each may tend and congenially cleave to its like, and so consummate the intended order and beauty of the human species. On the contrary, should aversions and antipathies be constrained and bound together, such a horrid conjunction must be productive of a second chaos, and

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be finally ſubverſive of the very frame of nature.

Do we not already begin to ſee the conſequence of this fatal article of police to this nation? What numbers of blooming maidens are daily mated, by the avarice or ambition of their diſpoſers, to age, impotence, infirmity, uglineſs, to the objects of their deteſtation and loathing during life! A lot more ſevere than that which was impoſed by the tyrant Mezentius, when he bound the devoted perſons of the living to the dead!

But then Sir, faid Autriche, would you ſuffer inexperienced and giddy youth, with a plentitude of warm blood and a total lack of diſcretion, to run a-head without rein? or to launch into the perilous ſea of life, without help or helm, without pilot or ſteerage?

No madam, anſwered Richard, I would not leave them wholly to an own will; but neither would I conſtrain them, I would not compel them to be miſerable. Perhaps there is not any inſtance of proſtitution ſo abominable in the common ſtews, as that of forcing a young creature into abhorred embraces. Where a virgin, in the tide of youthful blood and warm wiſhes, is thus cruelly made a victim to the views of her diſpoſers; will ſhe not be tempted to indemnify herſelf for the diſappointment of her happier proſpects? You cannot be ignorant, madam, that it is frequently the caſe.

have been told, that there are not twenty nobles now in Paris who can rationally aſſure themſelves of the purity of their deſcent. If woman may not legally, is it not to be dreaded ſhe will licentiouſly have her wiſh! Are theſe things conſonant to the divine purpoſes and inſtitution of marriage, where man ſaid of woman, "This is now bone of my bones, "and fleſh of my fleſh; therefore ſhall a man "leave his father and his mother, and ſhall "cleave unto his wife?" On the contrary, among the gentry of France, ſuch is the prevalence of faſhion, that marriage is become rather a matter of divorce than of union between the ſexes; and the ſureſt way of ſeparating male and female for life from every kind of communion with each other, is to join them againſt their wills in the indiſſoluble bands of wedlock.

I have made free, madam, to lay before you the reflections and apprehenſions of perſons and heads much wiſer than my own. I am further informed, that the weight of theſe examples is now in its deſcent to the lower ranks of people, and is likely, in proceſs of time, to depopulate the nation. I pray heaven that the contagion may not reach my native country; and that our Engliſh ladies, in time to come, may not be ſuſpected, perhaps impeached of incontinence.

I vow, my lord, ſaid madam Autriche, that you

you ſpeak and propheſy like a ſage of ſome priſtine æra, at an age that our young nobility ſcarcely begin to think. What you have ſaid, I aſſure you, has no little weight with me, and I will further conſider and digeſt it at leiſure—But it begins to grow late.

I underſtand you, madam; whatever pain it may coſt me, I ſubmit to your pleaſure. But then, this formidable to-morrow, this fearful introduction!——do you propoſe to be back early, madam?—I fear not: I believe it will not be allowed us—May I preſume, madam, to call, to know if you are returned?—By no means.——Well, you may then, ſaid ſhe laughing; I profeſs, you look ſo ſad upon a refuſal, that I can ſcarce find in my heart to refuſe you any thing. A good night to you, my lord; had I a world depending at ſuit, I could not deſire a more fervent advocate. He bowed ſeparately to each, and ſighing, retreated to his own lodgings, which he had taken on a late diſpoſition of his mother's, for fear of diſturbing her with the noiſe of his riotous aſſociates.

All the following day, lord Richard forebore to make uſe of the privilege allowed him, for fear of having his motions attended to; but he ordered a ſervant on the watch at an oppoſite houſe, to fly and give him inſtant notice of the return of the ladies. This however did not happen till it was turned of eleven,

en, and then he judged it of the lateſt to in-
rude upon them.

The next day, as ſoon as he ſuppoſed the
aſk of the toilet to be over, he flew to attend
them; and was graciouſly received by the one
with a ſmile, and by the other with a bluſh.

As ſoon as they were ſeated, Well, madam,
ſaid Richard, with an alarmed voice and ac-
cent, what have I to fear? for I have not yet
preſumed to lay hold upon hope. There is
nothing to be feared, my lord, from the faireſt
youth in the land, whatever we have to ap-
prehend from old age and infirmities. Indeed
mareſhal Leſac and the duc de Provence ga-
zed on my Angelica with an inflamed and
intemperate appetence, as though, like the
two elders of Iſrael, they deſired to fill them-
ſelves with her beauty. Your friend the mar-
quis de Rouſillon was alſo of the company;
he profeſſes a ſingular eſteem and attachment
for you; indeed he ſpoke of your perſonal
merits, and ſet your family and fortunes in a
light ſo highly ſuperior to what you repreſent-
ed them, as ſhews you a youth of the greateſt
honour and probity, and incomparably of the
greateſt modeſty perhaps upon earth.

Ah then, cried Richard, and caſt himſelf
once more at the feet of madam Autriche, will
you be ſo good as to abridge the ſtate of my
preſent miſery; to diſpel my doubts, my a-
larms, my torturing ſuſpence, and thoſe dreams

of horrible bodings, that already have depri-ved me of reſt, health, and appetite.

Hey day, cried Autriche, and laughed, what a hurry we are in! you are ſcarce three days acquainted with us, and you want to ſhackle us for life. Riſe, and I will diſcloſe a certain ſecret. You have a very warm friend in my boſom, I aſſure you: but then Angelica, as you lately argued, ought alſo to be conſulted; and I have not yet inquired what her inclinations may be: but if I am allowed to gueſs, her antipathy to you is not of the violent kind.

He then threw himſelf, in ſilent rapture, at the feet of his idol. He ſeized her hands, he preſſed, he kiſſed, and warmed their wax with his tears, while ſhe baſhfully fixed a downcaſt aſſent upon him.

Again he roſe, and turned to madam Autriche. He took her hands, he kiſſed them alternately, and with a tender eagerneſs petitioned for her favour.

I know not, my lord, ſaid Autriche, what my niece's anſwer may be, but were I an Angelica, I honeſtly confeſs I would not reject your ſuit. Could you procure the earl's conſent, I know of no further obſtruction to our mutual happineſs.

Ah madam, ſaid Richard, were the ceremony once over, my father's concurrence muſt of neceſſity follow. At preſent my mo-

her is ill; my father not in temper; ſhould I come abruptly upon him, he might happen to refuſe me; and then ſhould I marry, as with your good pleaſure I moſt certainly ſhould, ſo peremptory a diſobedience would double my guilt in his eyes. No, my deareſt madam, permit me to watch the hour of his parental indulgence; his conſent, or at leaſt his pardon, cannot fail of being the conſequence. In the mean time, on my knees I beg it, let us, let us be united, paſt the power of parents, rivals, potentates of the world, to tear us in ſunder; prevent my death, reſtore my health, by giving me to happineſs!

In ſhort, Richard urged his ſuit with ſuch prevailing oratory, that they were married the week following, in the preſence of a few of Angelica's relations, and two or three of his own domeſtics in whom he could confide.

Happineſs is ſweetly fleeting; it is not to be meaſured by time; it has no rubs to mark or diſtinguiſh the periods; it ſkims upon eagle's feathers, or reſts upon down.

In about a month after marriage, when Richard began to wake from the delirium of his bliſs, he went, from time to time, to pay his duty to his parents; and he exerted his utmoſt, his moſt winning addreſs, to introduce ſome indulgent, ſome favourable opportunity for diſcloſing the great event; but he imagined, that his father received him with

unwonted coolneſs, and caſt an eye of diſtance and ſuſpicion upon him; and this repeatedly deterred him from entering on the affair.

The myſtery was this. On Richard's forſaking his late diſſolute courſes, it was intimated to the earl, by the nominal tutor, that he had abandoned his aſſociates, and was probably engaged in ſome ſecret intrigue that might be productive of danger to his perſon, or diſgrace to his family. To prevent this, the earl wiſhed to precipitate him into marriage. On a viſit to the duke of Sully, he had ſeen his lovely daughter, the young marchioneſs du Près; and, on the preſent alarm, he waited purpoſely on the duke, to treat of an union between the families. He offered unmeaſurable ſettlements; the matter at length was concluded; the parents ſigned a contract in behalf of the abſent parties; and a day of no diſtant date was appointed for the nuptials.

In about three months after the union of our young lord with his bleſſed and bleſſing bride, he happened to be on a viſit to the marchioneſs her god mother. The duke of Sully was there. He gazed with an earneſt amazement on Angelica. Bleſs me, ſaid he to the marchioneſs, what a ſtrong reſemblance there is between this faireſt of creatures and my daughter! The advantage, indeed, is vaſtly on the ſide of this young lady; yet I think

it a happineſs that my child ſhould be like her in any reſpect.

My lord, replied the marchioneſs, you do my kinſwoman a ſingular honour; I hope the young marchioneſs your daughter is well. Well, madam, I thank you; I have lately procured an advantageous match for her. Do you know young Clinton, madam, ſole heir to the title and immenſe fortunes of the Engliſh earl of Moreland? he is her conſort elect, all matters are concluded on, and next Monday is appointed for the union of the young pair.

The wretched Angelica found herſelf ſuddenly ſick, but exerted her utmoſt efforts to preſerve herſelf from the ſhame of ſwooning before company. She roſe, complained of her head, made a retreating curtſey, got into her carriage, and hurried home.

Soon after, ſhe ſent her favourite maid on ſome little matter of commiſſion. She then haſtened to undreſs, and ordered her woman in waiting to tell her lord when he came home, that ſhe was gone to bed indiſpoſed, and requeſted not to be diſturbed.

The next morning ſhe aroſe, and ſtepped down to a back parlour, where ſhe met her Richard.—You do not look this morning as well as I could wiſh, my angel. Not quite well, ſaid ſhe; but I truſt it will ſoon be over. So ſhe conſtrained herſelf for a time; and

they breakfaſted on ſome exquiſite caudle, which ſhe had prepared for the purpoſe.

As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, ſhe turned a wiſtful eye of languiſhing melancholy upon him. You wiſhed to leave me then, my lord, ſaid ſhe; you wanted to be parted from me; but you ſhall never part from me, my love; in life we were inſeparable, and in death we will be undivided. I part from you, my Angelica, exclaimed the aſtoniſhed youth! what ſudden phrenzy is this, that has fallen upon my beloved? Nay, cried ſhe, deny it not, I have proofs beyond controverſion; I had it all from the duke of Sully, from the mouth of the father himſelf; you were next Monday to have been married to his daughter the young marchioneſs du Pres.

He looked amazedly and affrightedly at her and from her, and then exclaimed with a vehement oath, I know her not, I never ſaw her, I know nothing about her, I never heard a ſyllable to the purport of what you are ſaying. But were ſhe the princeſs royal of France, were ſhe a virgin next to the bleſſed one herſelf, I would not exchange my Angelica, my flower of the world for her, though that world were to be added to the weight of her dowry!

Then, then, ſhouted Angelica, I am a wretch indeed! the moſt accurſed reptile that ever crawled upon earth! You have taken a ſer-

pent

pent to your boſom, my lord, and it has ſtung you to death. In the rage of offended love, I have poiſoned you, myſelf, and the dear infant that was but juſt quick within me!

Richard ſtayed not to anſwer or expoſtulate. Run, Melton, he cried, inquire out the neareſt and moſt ſkilful phyſician; tell him how matters are, bid him haſten with ſome antidotes, if it is not yet too late. Here, Guilliam! fly to my father, intreat him here directly; tell him I am married, and poiſoned by the jealouſy of my wife.—Cruel, cruel Angelica! parted from you, did you ſay? Ah! no, no, no! they ſhould ſooner have ſerved me like Metius; I would rather have been torn, limb from limb, by wild horſes

Here, Angelica, in the agony of ſelf-reproach, ſuddenly fainted away. Richard thought all was over, and gave a ſhout of deſperation.

The phyſician ſoon came, and firſt adminiſtered to the young nobleman a ſtrong emetic. He next endeavoured to recover the lady from her ſwoon, but long without ſucceſs.

Meantime, the domeſtics were appriſed that their lord and lady were dying, and they all gathered about them, drowned in tears, and ſobbed out their wailings.

At this period the earl hurried into the room. Terror, grief, and reſentment, were legibly pictured on his countenance, and a-

vowed

vowed the conflicting tumult of the paſſions within.

As the doſe which Lord Clinton took was uncommonly potent, he was verily aſſured that his laſt hour was come.

While the earl walked diſtractedly about the chamber, he turned an eye of exaſperated pity on his ſon. Ay Sir, ſays he, theſe are the fruits of diſobedience, of the breach of filial duty to the tendereſt, the beſt of parents. Ah, my father, cried the anguiſhing youth, you ſee that I am dying; add not to my ſufferings, by the ſenſe of your diſpleaſure! alas, I doubt that you, yourſelf, have occaſioned my death, as alſo that of my incomparable wife and infant. But let us exchange forgiveneſs at this tremendous hour: I forgive you your clandeſtine contract; O, pardon me alſo my clandeſtine marriage, my father!

Hereupon the earl's paſſions were all abſorbed by that of woe; he melted into tears, and ſobbed aloud like an infant.

When the phyſician had, in vain, applied ſalts and ſpirits to the temples and noſe of the lady, he drew ſome of the pureſt blood that ever blued the veins, or crimſoned the ſurface of a human complexion.

At length Angelica heaved a deep ſigh, and opened her deſpairing eyes on the light. The doctor then haſtily urged her to ſwallow an emetic; but ſhe thruſt it from her, and cried,

No, no, I will none of your medicines; I will not be recovered. I will die, I will die; and, by the intenſeneſs of my ſufferings, try to expiate, in a meaſure, the offence which I have committed againſt my precious lord.

This laſt ſentiment, in a degree, reached the already ſoftened heart of the late exaſperated earl. He had hitherto but glanced at her with an eye of utter abhorrence and the deadlieſt deteſtation: but now, when he beheld her, in the wringings of penitential deſolation, in all the langour of almoſt expiring but ſtill conſummate beauty, he could not but ſigh to himſelf---O, what a pity!

The doctor at length, having poured for ſome time into a porcelain bowl, ſaid, I profeſs I cannot diſcern the ſmalleſt ſymptom of poiſon here. Pray, who went for the poiſon; is there any one preſent who is ſuppoſed to have procured it?

A genteel young woman then, all trembling, advanced from the group of ſervants. It was I, Sir, who unluckily procured it, ſays ſhe; but indeed I meant no harm to any one; I would a thouſand times rather have poiſoned myſelf, than the deareſt ſweeteſt lady that ever was ſerved by woman.

O then, cried the earl, it is not impoſſible but that God may yet be gracious to us! Pray, miſtreſs, inform us minutely how it happened.

Yeſterday

Yesterday afternoon, so please you, my lady went on a visit to the marchioness of Rousli her godmother. She staid about two hours, and then returned; but, holy Mary! so altered, so dejected, and dismayed, she looked already as half dead, and as one who wished to be wholly so. Maria, says she, I am not very well, order Auben to get some white wine whey, and to warm my bed. Here, do you step to the apothecary's: a night or two ago I heard a scratching about my bed; I am sure it must be rats, and I detest them above all things; you must get me some poison for them.

On my way to the shop, I shivered to think that some fearful calamity must have fallen on my darling mistress, and that she might possibly intend the poison for herself. So I told the apothecary I wanted poison for rats, but suspected it was meant for some other purpose; and I desired him to make up the powder as like it as he could, but such as could do no manner of hurt.

To day, however, when I saw my lady lying for dead, and my lord in such an agony as was near to expiring, I was sure the apothecary had deceived me, and I would have given my own life for a sous. For my lady, Sir, was always such a creature of heaven, the pleasure of serving, of seeing and being about her, was to me the most valued, the sweetest

weeteſt of all wages!—You are a worthy wench, cried the earl; bad as matters ſtill are, I bleſs God that they are no worſe; and ſo ſaying, down he ſat.

Angelica then aroſe, and, with a graceful, though dejected timidity, advanced heſitatingly toward the father of her Clinton. She ſunk on her knees before him, without daring to look up.

I hope not, ſaid ſhe in a ſweetly-breathing accent, ſoft as Zephyr, and ſcarcely audible, I hope not for pardon from the lord and maſter of my lord; but O, I would, if poſſible, avert part of his diſpleaſure. So ſaying, ſhe bent her head, like a roſe overcharged with rain, and ſhed the appeaſing ſhower on the feet of her father.

At length he exclaimed, O, you have conquered—you muſt ever conquer!—I can no longer withſtand you. Look up to me, my child, look up to me, my daughter! Riſe to my arms, to my heart, and live there for ever!

Lord Richard now drew nigh to put in his claim alſo to the ſeaſon of grace. He bent on one knee, and, taking his father's hand with a tender and reſpectful preſſure, he kiſſed it, and ſaid, Pray pardon me, too; give me alſo your pardon, O my father! Pardon you, my ſon! cried the earl; on my ſoul I could not have pardoned you, had you failed

to

to have been captivated by the ſweetneſs of ſuch enchantments.

But come, my children, your dear mother lies languiſhing on the bed of her ſickneſs. She may be alarmed, ſome murmur of theſe matters may come to her ear; let us go and conſole her. Bring your domeſtics with you, for I do not purpoſe that we ever ſhall part any more.

Here Angelica tript out, but ſoon after returned with a ſmall parcel of papers. Here, my lord, ſays ſhe to the earl, is ſome little matter of indemnification for the coſt to which I muſt put you; it contains a few bills on the bank of Amſterdam. I have preſſed them upon your ſon; but he laughs at me, and ſays, he is as yet too young and giddy to become a truſtee. I beſeech you then to eaſe me of the incumbrance, my lord. It is my wiſh to be dependent; to depend and attend upon you, my moſt honoured father, with all poſſible tenderneſs, duty, and delight.

You are the darling of the world, exclaimed the tranſported earl, and claſped her eagerly to his boſom.

He then looked over the bills, and cried, Bleſs me! why, here is a portion for a princeſs of the blood-royal. They do not conſtitute the whole of my fortunes, my lord; but, as I knew no want, I was not ſolicitous to call in the remainder: and, indeed, I am no

no way covetous of fortune, further than as it may render my unworthineſs more worthy.

Well, my love, ſaid the earl, I accept this generous inſtance of your confidence; and I promiſe to pay you the full intereſt of your depoſit, provided you call not upon me oftener than my own rents come in.

She laughed and kiſſed his hand, and he led her gallantly to his coach.

As ſoon as they got home, the earl left the young pair below, and ſtept up to his lady.

When he had ſolicitouſly enquired after her health, My dear, ſaid he, I have brought you home a curioſity, that I flatter myſelf will be highly entertaining to you. What is it, my my lord? It is a young female creature; but of what world it is a native, I cannot directly ſay, as I never ſaw any thing like it on earth. This is ſome drollery of yours. Not at all, I am downright ſerious; I have brought you home a daughter, even the lovely and peerleſs bride of your own darling Richard. Will you allow her to come up, and pay her duty to you?

The counteſs then, in a fluſter, ordered her women to raiſe her a little; and having put on a ſumptuous bed-gown, with a ſuitable night-dreſs for her head, ſhe ſat up, ſupported by one of her maids behind.

In ſome time after, the young lord and his lady aſcended. They approached with gentle

reverence. They kneeled down by the bed-side; and each of them took tender poſſeſſion of a hand.

I come madam, ſaid Angelica, kiſſing the hand that ſhe held, and dropping a tear upon it, I come to offer your ladyſhip a new ſervant. I cannot boaſt of my ſkill, but my duty and affectionate tendance ſhall in time, I truſt, compenſate for my want of addreſs.

The counteſs gazed over Angelica with a paſſionate ſurvey, and then broke into tears. Ah! my angel, ſhe cried, you come to offer me a phyſician. I already begin to feel your healing at my heart. Happy Richard, happy Richard! I have nothing further now to wiſh; the darling of my bowels is bleſſed up to my ambition, and high above my hopes. God bleſs you, God bleſs you both, my precious children! and ſhe raiſed her eyes to heaven in a ſilently fervid ejaculation.

Again ſhe turned to her daughter. Tell me, my love, ſaid ſhe, I doubt I ſhall confine you too much; for I feel myſelf already ſo happy in the ſight of you, that I fear I ſhall not conſent to ſuffer you out of my preſence. O madam, replied Angelica, when we are confined to what we delight in, we are moſt at freedom.

Heavenly creature, exclaimed the counteſs, will you bend over a little, and allow a feeble and fond mother to take you to her em-

braces! Angelica thereupon opening her arms with a tender paſſion, took my lady to her boſom, and they wept upon each other.

Next morning Lord Clinton went to ſettle matters at the hotel of his lady; and the earl ſat in the ſtreet parlour, lolling and fondly chatting, with his arm about the bending waiſt of his fair daughter, when the duke of Sully came in, unawares, upon them.

At the ſight of Angelica, the duke ſtarted and went backward a few ſteps. Are you here then madam, ſaid he? Ah, I doubt it bodes nothing advantageous to my daughter: is it not ſo, my lord? The earl bowed aſſentingly, and looked with ſome confuſion.

My lord, ſaid Angelica, riſing and bluſhing, happily for me, my young maſter never ſaw your peerleſs daughter; I muſt elſe have been miſerable. Not ſo, not ſo, cried the duke, and ſhook his head in diſſent. But madam, I acquieſce. I ſincerely wiſh you happineſs as near as poſſible to your merits; I need not wiſh it to your conſort, he has it in the higheſt. So ſaying, the duke bowed to the lady, and withdrew. But the earl ſoon after pacified the duke on this head, by letting him know how unworthy he ſhould have acted by his daughter, had he impoſed the huſband of another woman upon her.

In the evening, Lord Clinton returned with madam Autriche, who had been on a viſit to

a ſick relation in the country. He introduced her to his parents. They received her with marks of diſtinction and pleaſure; and, that day, preſſed her to come and domeſticate with them: but ſhe refuſed to deſcend from the independence of her ſtate, though ſhe promiſed, daily, to make herſelf a member of the family.

Madam Autriche was a chatty, pleaſant, and humorous body; always in ſpirits, always in temper, ſhe diffuſed gaiety and happineſs to all around her.

To add to the general joy, my lady began to recover apace, and in three months was enabled to dreſs, and be helped down ſtairs.

Angelica, too, daily advanced in her pregnancy, and promiſed an approaching progeny of ſuperior beings upon earth. All was bliſsful to exceſs. And even the countenances and delighted attention of the domeſtics expreſſed the feſtivity that they felt within.

But, but——I fear to proceed.—The higheſt happineſs is tranſient! the ſhorteſt is closely followed by one, perhaps, of a longer, but ſcarce preferable date; and the longeſt from its bliſsful commencement to its melancholy period, can barely boaſt I once exiſted, but am now no more! ſo nearly equal is the value of wretchedneſs and enjoyment, that when paſt and pondered together, one can ſcarce ſay

ſay through which proceſs they would wiſh to have paſſed.

In the midſt of all their rejoicings Lord Clinton was attacked with the ſmall-pox. Inoculation was not yet in practice. All the medical powers in Paris were called together. The phyſicians ordered Angelica to a remote apartment, but ſhe would not be debarred from her attendance on her Clinton. She adminiſtered every thing to him with her own hand; and always appeared ſmiling and cheerful before him, but gave way to the ſwelling tear of apprehenſion and anguiſh when ſhe turned away.

His body did not ſeem to be overcharged with the diſtemper; a few of the pox appeared on his face and under the left breaſt. When nine days were over, the doctors conceived great hopes; but, on the eleventh day, at noon, he was taken with convulſions, and, in the ſame hour, expired.——If human life were to be eſtimated by the ſpecific contents of the temporal happineſs that it ſums, the lot of lord Richard was not to be lamented.

His deſolate widow, who hung over him, when ſhe ſaw he had breathed his laſt, uttered three fearful ſcreams, and fell over in a ſwoon. The malignity of the contagion had alſo ſeized upon her; but ſhe waited not its effects; in leſs than three days ſhe expired of a broken heart: and within two days more, my old

lady haſtened to join her beloved children in death.

The forlorn earl now conſidered himſelf as ſtanding alone upon the earth; but he conſoled himſelf with the tearful comfort of ſpeedily rejoining thoſe, who ſo lately had been the only ornaments of which he boaſted, and the delights in which he exulted.

He had all the bodies embalmed and depoſited in leaden coffins, ready for conveyance to the ſilent vault, where he truſted his own body ſhould ſhortly be laid. But the magiſtracy would not ſuffer him to carry off the remains of lady Angelica, leſt the catholic clay of France ſhould be profaned or polluted by an heretical ſepulchre.

When he was on his departure he took a weeping farewell of Madam Autriche, and preſented her with the whole of his late daughter's depoſit: but ſhe peremptorily refuſed to accept of more than the half; with which ſhe propoſed, at her country-ſeat, to erect a mauſoleum of black marble to the memory of her Angelica.

At length he ſet out with his ſighing and ſilent traine; and after a voyage, lengthened by woe, arrived finally at Enfield.

Never was ſeen ſuch a concourſe at any funeral ſince the funeral of Jacob, on which all Egypt attended; they crowded from a diſtance of thirty miles round. But when they ſaw

saw the old and revered patron of the country, all covered with sad and solemn weeds, when they beheld his countenance exceeding all pomp of sorrow, and conceived the weight and wringing that was then at his heart; envy was quite blunted, and robbed of its sting. They now lamented the living more than they mourned the dead; and the poorest among the poor looked down with an eye of compassion upon the great man, now rendered, as they deemed, more pitiable and desolate even than themselves; without child or kindred; without any to continue his name or his honours; without any who could claim a share in his wealth or his woe; without any cause of further comfort, or further care upon earth.

During the following week the earl kept his chamber, and would admit of no visitor, till Mr Meekly arrived.

Mr Meekly had long estranged himself to Enfield; he had gone elsewhere, seeking the houses of mourning, and breathing peace and consolation wherever he went: but as soon as he heard of the affliction of his noble friend, he hastened to help him to bear up under the weight of his calamity. He entered, and seated himself in silence beside the earl, he there wept near an hour without uttering a syllable.

My lord was the first who spoke; Mr Meekly, said he, my heart gratefully feels this

this melting proof of your love. You weep for me, my friend, becauſe you ſee, and kindly feel, that there is no other comfort for me on this ſide the grave.

God forbid, God forbid! ſaid Mr Meekly; the beſt and greateſt of all comforts is coming to you, my lord. Eternal truth has promiſed it, and he will make it good to you: "Bleſ-"ſed, bleſſed are they who mourn, for they "ſhall be comforted"

Ah, Mr Meekly, replied the earl, the comfort that you mention is promiſed only to the deeply contrite and broken of heart; to thoſe who duly lament the baſeneſs of their offences againſt ſo great and good a God. Neither do I deſpair, my friend, but that I alſo may finally ſhare ſome portion of that ſame comfort; for, as I feelingly acknowledge myſelf the greateſt of all ſinners, ſo I wiſh for grace to make me the greateſt of penitents.

God be praiſed, cried Meekly, for the grace already given! There was a time, my lord, when, as you told me, you had nothing of theſe divine diſpoſitions; when the world, as you ſaid, ſeemed to hold our happineſs to you on either hand; when fortune, title, precedence, circling honours about you, and within you youth and health, and a revelling flow of blood and ſpirits, wholly diſguiſed and concealed the ſtate of your nature from you; when they hid from you your own boo[illegible]

of frailty, diſtemper, ſin, and death, and left you no occaſion to call out for a Saviour as you felt nothing from which you deſired to be ſaved. But God has now been graciouſly pleaſed to ſend you his monitors, and to call upon you by affliction, that you, in your turn, may call upon him who alone can give you conſolation.

It is not, my lord, to the mourners for ſin, alone, to whom comfort is promiſed: the ſtate of ſuffering and mourning is in its nature extremely ſalutary, and of happy tendency to man; and it is, therefore, that the ſuffering JESUS hath pronounced it bleſſed.

The God of all love takes no delight in the ſufferings of his poor and pitiable creatures; neither would he have made this ſtate of our mortality a vale of tears, and a ſtate of miſery, had it not been in order to conduct us through tranſitory evils to ever-enduring bliſs, where "he himſelf will wipe all tears "from our eyes."

When Adam, by his apoſtacy and falling off from his Maker, had converted all the goods of his temporary ſtate into evil incitements to luſt, covetouſneſs, and ſenſuality; God determined, by a gracious reverſe, to turn all the evils of corrupt and fallen nature into means of enduring good to his fallen and frail creatures: he therefore appointed pain, affliction, diſtreſs, and diſeaſe, to be

his

his miniſters, his monitors, and preachers within us, to convince us of all the evil of our depraved and mortal nature; to wean us from a world that is full of falſe promiſes, but empty of true enjoyment; to remind us that we are ſtrangers and pilgrims upon earth; to turn our eye to the ſtar that hath viſited us from on high; and finally, through our ſufferings, to accompliſh the great work of his own ſalvation in us.

Thank you, thank you, Mr Meekly, theſe are comforting things indeed. They pluck comfort from the very depth and abyſs of affliction; I love that my God ſhould be lovely to my heart. You have now rent the dark veil that long hung before my eyes; and the Sun of righteouſneſs breaks upon me through the clouds of my mortality.—But, what of death, Mr Meekly, what of death, my friend? I am intereſted in the queſtion; my time is approaching. When this body ſhall fall to duſt, and all theſe organs of ſenſation be utterly cut off; what remains, what then ſhall follow? by what means ſhall my ſpirit attain the powers of new perception? or am I to lie in the grave, in a ſtate of total inſenſibility, till the laſt trumpet ſhall ſound? My nature ſhrinks, I confeſs, from a total deprivation of the ſenſe of exiſtence.

It is no way evident to me, my lord, that body, or at leaſt ſuch groſs bodies as we now have,

have, are neceſſary to the perceptions and ſenſibilities of our ſpirit. God himſelf is a Spirit, an all-ſeeing, all-hearing, all-taſting, all-ſmelling, all-feeling, all-knowing, and all-governing Spirit. "He who made the eye, "ſhall he not ſee? He who made the ear, "ſhall he not hear?" Wherefore, as our ſpirits are the offſprings of his divine Spirit, we may juſtly preſume them endowed with like capacities. But if body is neceſſary to the perception of ſpirit, as Zoroaſter the illuminated philoſopher ſeems to intimate, where, ſpeaking of God, he ſays, "whoſe body is "light, and whoſe ſoul is truth;" in this caſe, I ſay, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that when our ſpirits ſhall be parted from theſe groſs and frail bodies, they ſhall be inſtantly clothed upon with more pure and permanent bodies. Or, as I rather think, that thoſe pure and permanent bodies are already forming, and pregnant within our groſs and corruptible bodies; and that when the midwife death ſhall deliver us from the dark womb of our woful travail and mortality, we ſhall immediately ſpring forth into incorruption and glory.

Of this, my lord, I am as confident as I am of my being, that he who, by faith, hath already put on Chriſt, ſhall break through death in the brightneſs of the body of his new birth, incor-

incorruptible, immortal, and bleſſed to all eternity.

Tell me, then, my deareſt Meekly, what mean you by the body of this new birth? For, alas, I am but too apt to cry out with Nicodemus, "How can theſe things be?"

I mean, my lord, the forming of Chriſt within us. Our being formed anew of a divine ſeed of our ſecond Adam, even as our groſs bodies were formed in the womb from a corruptible ſeed of the old Adam. I mean the clothing of our ſpirits with the heavenly ſubſtantiality of the ſpiritual body and blood of the heavenly Jeſus himſelf; for, as the apoſtle ſays, "There is a ſpiritual body, as "there is a carnal body." I mean a body the ſame as that in which the believing thief entered paradiſe with his Lord on the day of the crucifixion. "I am the reſurrection and "the life," ſaith Jeſus; "whoſo believeth in "me, though he were dead yet ſhall he live; "and he who liveth and believeth in me ſhall "never die:" death ſhall become a new and divine birth unto him. And the great apoſtle ſays, "There are celeſtial bodies, and bodies "terreſtrial; but the glory of the celeſtial is "one, and the glory of the terreſtrial is another" And again he ſays, "For we know "that if our earthly houſe of this tabernacle "were diſſolved, we have a building of God, "an

"an houſe not made with hands, eternal in "the heavens."

Theſe are great things, indeed, Mr Meekly, and full of hope, as well as incitements to divine ambition.

But why, my lord, ſhould a new birth from Jeſus Chriſt be thought wonderful? Is there any thing more wonderful in it, than in the forming and unfolding of the whole ſtupendous mechaniſm of the body of our old man from a ſcarce viſible ſpeck of entity? Is there any thing more wonderful in it, than in the growth and unfolding of any common vegetable from ſome latent principle or inviſible ſpeck in the ſeed, which not all the optics and glaſſes of a Galilæo ſhould be able to diſcover? Were not theſe the known facts of every day and hour, incredulity would have laughed the ſuppoſition to nought. But, I think, I have got about me ſomething ſurpriſingly analogous and appoſite to the nature and manner of our new birth in Jeſus.

Mr Meekly then put his hand to his pocket, and took out a lump of matter, in form like a long and huge maggot, evidently without motion, apparently without life, and hard and incruſted all about to the feeling.

What have you got there, my friend, ſaid the earl? An old worm, my lord, that at this inſtant is pregnant with the birth of a new creature. Impoſſible, cried the earl, the thing

is abſolutely dead! The body of the old worm is dead, indeed, my lord; but there is certainly a principle of a new life within it, that will ſoon manifeſt itſelf in the birth of a very beautiful and wonderfully glorious creature. And this you will find, if you leave it for a few days, where it may get the foſtering warmth of the ſun through one of your windows. Have you ever ſeen the fly they call the Dragon-Fly, my lord?

Yes, and have admired the elegance of its ſhape, the mechaniſm of its double wings, and the luſtre of its irradiations.

This maſs, my lord, of apparently inſenſible matter, is now actually pregnant with one of the ſame ſpecies. The parent, through whoſe death it is to attain life, was no other, as you ſee, than a vile and groveling maggot, who once fed and took its delight in the ſtench and ordure of a jakes. But the new creature that is to be born from it will be of a quite different nature and tendency: it will lothe the food and occupation of its foul progenitor; it will ſoar ſublime over carnal and earthly things; it will drink the dews of heaven, and feed on the conſummate nectar and fragrance of flowers.

This, indeed, Mr Meekly, rejoined the earl, is to make the inviſible things of God viſible, even to the naked eye, by the things that are ſeen.

While

While my lord and his friend were thus deeply in diſcourſe, Mr John, the houſe-ſteward, came in, and told his maſter, that one waited in the hall with a letter for him.

A letter, cried the earl! what can I have to ſay, John, to any letter, or any of the writers thereof?——But ſomething is due to humanity, and it ſhall be paid; deſire him to ſtep in.

Hereupon a ſtranger entered, whoſe figure inſtantly caught the eyes and attention of the earl and his companion in an aſtoniſhed captivity. The youth was dreſſed in a mourning frock, and his dark brown locks tied behind with a black ribband, flowed careleſsly between his ſhoulders; while ſome of the front-ſtraying curls, as in ſport, alternately ſhaded and diſcovered a part of his lovely countenance. He bowed, he moved attraction; and gracefully advancing toward my lord, he again bowed, laid a letter before him on the table, and then ſilently retired backward a few ſteps.

They viewed him, they gazed on him, as it had been the ſudden viſion of an angel of light. Mr Meekly was not able to utter a word; neither had my lord the power to lay a finger on the paper that was directed to him; till Mr Meekly, at laſt, giving a great ſtroke on the table, cried ſuddenly out, I would lay a thouſand pounds of it! it is he!

it is he!——my heart tells me he can be no other but your Harry Clinton!

Here Harry ſprung forward, and caſting himſelf precipitately at the feet of the earl, he claſped his knees with an eager reverence, crying, My father, my honoured, my dear, my dear father! and broke into tears.

My lord, all in a tremor, attempted to raiſe him to his arms; and Harry, perceiving this, roſe and threw himſelf into the boſom of his father. But the earl gently and fondly put him off a little, and gazing intently on a countenance that appeared to him lovely above all that was lovely in the circle of creation, he gathered new ſtrength, and catching Harry to his breaſt, he exclaimed in a tranſport, "Let me die, let me die, ſince I have "ſeen thy face my ſon."

Thus my lord, in the recent acquiſition of ſuch a ſon, forgot all his loſſes, and caſt the whole weight of his late calamities behind him. His eye could not be tired with ſeeing him, neither his ear with hearing the ſweetneſs of his voice; and he continued to hold, to gaze at him, to careſs him, unmindful of aught elſe, unmindful even of his friend Meekly, who ſat enraptured beſide him.

Will you leave me again, my child? cried out the earl; do you intend to go from me again, my Harry? you muſt not, you ſhall not leave me, not for an hour, no not for a minute;

minute; a ſecond loſs of my ſon would quickly bring my gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave. Never, never, my lord, will I leave you, tenderly cried Harry; never, for a moment, will I forſake you again, my father. I come purpoſely to watch over, to comfort, to tend you, while I have life, with all imaginable tenderneſs, affection, and duty.

But where, haſtily aſked the earl, where is the murderer who ſtabbed my peace? where is that old thief, that robber, who rent my child from me? Ah! my lord, cried Harry, he is very far from meriting ſuch opprobrious epithets; he is a ſummary of all that is excellent, all that is amiable in nature. He reſpects and loves you too above the world, and all that is in it deſerving of love. O, had you lately ſeen his grief for your loſſes, the floods of tears he ſhed,—for—for—for—Here Harry could no more; but, on the recollection of his mother and brother, burſt into tears.

But tell me, my dear, continued the earl, tell me who and what he is, whom you commend ſo highly?

Even the ſon of your own mother, my lord; my much loved, my revered, my moſt honoured uncle.

Impoſſible, my child. That old deſpicable man my brother. No, no, my Harry, he muſt have deceived you. My brother was all that was amiable upon earth; "the faireſt among

" ten thouſand," the ſtraiteſt cedar in the foreſt!

And ſuch he is at this day, my lord. But alas, alas, he has been broken by the batteries of many afflictions; a man wholly made up of ſorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs! You wanted me not, when he took me, my father: you had other and richer treaſures, comforts that were infinitely more worthy your regard. But, little and deſpicable as I was, he had nothing but me. I became his only comfort, the only treaſure in which he delighted. Yet as ſoon as he heard that you wanted conſolation, he choſe rather to be without it himſelf; and ſo he reſtores me to you, if I may be any little matter of comfort to you, my father.

And where is this dear uncle, this precious brother, my Harry? Is he come with you? Shall I be ſo bleſſed to take him in with my eye, to take him in with my arms; to petition, to obtain his pardon; to preſs him to my boſom, to my heart, to my ſoul? Where is he, where is this precious brother, my Harry?

He is not come with me, my lord; he feared, as he ſaid, that you would not forgive him the carrying off your Ganymede; but he is deſirous of attending you on the firſt intimation.

Then you muſt write to him, for that pur-

poſe

poſe to-morrow, my ſon; and diſpatch your invitation by ſome of our ſwifteſt horſes. The influence of his darling will, unqueſtionably, be greater than that of an offending and unnatural brother. Is this letter from him, Harry?—It is my lord.——Then I will not peruſe it till I get by myſelf. It probably contains reproaches but too well merited; or poſſibly matters of conſolation, too tender for me to bear.——But, Mr Meekly, my deareſt Meekly, ten thouſand pardons——Harry, take to your arms the man, in the world, next to your uncle, moſt deſerving of your reverence, moſt deſerving of your heart!

Here Mr Meekly kiſſed and embraced our hero, with all the tenderneſs of a father, and the ardour of an old friend.

Mr Meekly, cried Harry, looking earneſtly and fondly at him, do I not remember ſomething of that face, Mr Meekly? Are you not the gentleman for whom I, long ſince, conceived ſuch an attachment, to whom my heart cleaved, as I may ſay, from my infancy?

I am, my heavenly creature, anſwered Meekly; I am the man indeed whoſe ſoul was knit to yours like the ſoul of Jonathan to David, the firſt moment I beheld you; and who ſaw in you, then, all thoſe noble, generous, and divinely humane propenſities, that I ſee arrived to their maturity at this happy day.

While

While Mr Meekly was thus rejoicing, Harry happened to turn his head aſide, and ſpying the lively portraits of my lady and lord Richard, he ſtarted, he roſe; and gazing on them a minute, he went ſoftly to the window, and taking out his handkerchief, kept his back to the company, while he vented his emotions in a ſilent paſſion of tears. His father and Mr Meekly perceived what he was about, but they did not diſturb him. He brought freſh to their remembrance all the paſſages of late affliction, and they ſilently joined a flow of grief to his. But their tears were the tears of ſympathiſing humanity; or rather tears of delight, on obſerving the ſweet ſenſibilities of their darling.

In the mean time Mr Frank, who attended on Harry, had whiſperingly given the mourning domeſtics an intimation concerning the perſon of the ſtranger who had arrived. Some of them well remembered him; and all of them had heard of him, and conceived a very kindly impreſſion of our Harry. They firſt expreſſed their mutual joy, by kiſſes, embraces, and ſilent ſhakes of the hand; but, in a little ſpace, their congratulations became more loud and tumultuous, and the voice of exultation was heard through all the lower houſe.

Harry, hereupon, felt himſelf ſecretly hurt, and turning to his father his yet tearful countenance, My lord, ſays he, I beſeech you to

ſuppreſs

ſuppreſs this unſeaſonable ſound of joy among your ſervants, in a houſe that ought ſo juſtly to be the houſe of mourning.——My love, mildly and kindly anſwered the earl, I cannot wholly refuſe, to my poor and afflicted people, ſome ſhare of that comfort which I myſelf feel on the return of my Harry. They are all my old and true ſervants, my ehild; this is no other than an expreſſion of their love to you and to me; and I requeſt you to receive them affectionately for my ſake.

Here the earl rung a bell, and deſired, that all his domeſtics ſhould come in.

They accordingly entered. Harry perfectly recollected Mr John the ſteward, Mr Samuel the butler, and old Mrs Mary the cook. He called them by their names, reminded them of old times, and took them in his arms with much affection. He then turned to the other ſervants. He took each of them by the hand in turns, and ſpoke to them, with ſuch a natural eaſe and lowlineſs, as though he himſelf deſired, in his father's houſe, to become alſo, "as one of his hired ſervants." Hereupon, gathering all about him, they catched and kiſſed his hand by force; and then, kneeling around, they promiſcuouſly petitioned for bleſſings on his head; and riſing, retired in a pleaſing paſſion of ſobs and tears; while the enraptured earl beheld all, with a mixture of

ſuch

ſuch bliſsful ſenſations, as he had never felt before.

It now began to grow late; and after a ſhort repaſt of ſome ſmall matters, my lord propoſed their retiring to bed. But, my friend, ſaid he to Harry, you muſt content yourſelf with being my priſoner for the preſent; you muſt lie in my chamber; I will not truſt my lamb from my ſide, for fear of its going once more aſtray. Ah, my lord, cried Harry, there is no fear of that; my heart is wholly your property, and you have thereby a ſure hold of all that I am.

The next morning Harry impatiently roſe, before the ſervants were ſtirring; and unlocking the great door, and cloſing it ſoftly after him, he went out exulting on his premeditated expedition. He reconnoitred and recollected the quondam ſcenes of his childhood; and flying like a bird over the hedges, and other obſtacles, he made the ſhorteſt way to his ſtill precious mammy's.

When he approached the place of his infant endearments, he met his foſter-father going forth to his field, with a ſolemn and melancholy air, on his uſual occupations. Harry inſtantly remembered the features, once ſo delightful, and ſpringing to him, and catching at him, he kiſſed and claſped him repeatedly, and cried aloud, My daddy, my dear daddy Dobſon! how glad am I to ſee you

once

once again! how is my mammy, my dear mammy? how is little Tommy, and little Rachel, and all our dear family?

The old man then reſpectfully withdrawing a ſpace, I don't know you, my ſweet maſter, ſaid he; I never ſaw you before. Indeed, but you did; many and many a time and oft, cried Harry, you carried me in your arms, almoſt the live long day, and preſſed and huſhed me to ſleep at night in your boſom. Don't you remember your little Harry? don't you remember my two dogs? don't you remember my cock?

O, exclaimed the good old man, I now believe that you are my child, the deareſt child that ever was born! But I never hoped to ſee him ſuch a thing as you are; I never thought to ſee ſuch a glorious creature upon earth!

Here old Dobſon returned Harry's careſſes with a twofold force, and blubbering all aloud, had like to have ſmothered him with the intenſeneſs of his embraces.

Bring me, bring me, cried Harry, to the ſight of my deareſt mammy; I am all impatient to behold her:

Not ſo faſt, ſaid gaffer Dobſon—I love my old loving Kate; and ſhould ſhe find you out of a ſudden, ſhe would certainly die of joy. But I will bring you to her as a ſtranger, and ſo you may bring matters about. And, indeed, I fear that my own head is likely to be

be crazed by this buſineſs; for I do not find that I am the ſame man that I was a while agone; I ſhall grow too proud, I doubt, and look down upon all my better neighbours.

Goodman Dobſon then conducted Harry to their ancient habitation. Nurſe Dobſon was juſt up, and preparing to comb the heads of her children, when they entered.

Kate, ſays he, I have brought to you a young ſtranger, who ſays, he can give you ſome account of your little Harry; who ſays he is ſtill alive, notwithſtanding all your frights, and will ſhortly pay a viſit to ſome parts of this country; and who knows then but that we, among others, may happen to ſet our eyes upon him, and that, I think, would be a great bleſſing, my Kate.

O, no, no, no, exclaimed nurſe, without deigning to caſt her eyes on the ſtranger; he is dead, he is gone from me theſe many years! I once hoped to have his infant on my knee, and in my boſom; but that hope is quite gone. Never, never ſhall I behold my darling again!

Harry had ſeated himſelf juſt oppoſite to nurſe; when, looking up, ſhe ſtarted, and ſtared eagerly in his face. Don't impoſe upon me, William, ſays ſhe; tell me, tell me at once, mayhap this is my child! Ah, againſt the world, the dimple in that ſmile, is the dimple of my Harry.

Here

Here Harry ſprung up, and at one leap caught his riſing nurſe in his arms, crying, My mammy, my deareſt mammy, do I live to be preſſed once more to your dear boſom!

But the poor woman breathed ſhort, and could not get out a word. Twenty times ſhe put him from her, and catched him to her again, gazing at him, by intervals, with a frantic affection. At length, ſhe caſt herſelf back on the bench that was behind her, and clapping her hands together, ſhe gave a great ſhout, and burſt into an hyſterical paſſion of tears; while Harry ſeated himſelf beſide her, and gently drawing her head to him, placed it fondly on his boſom, and mixed his tears with hers.

This guſh came very ſeaſonably for our loving nurſe's relief. She ſoon recovered her breath and her ſenſes; and ſeeing ſome drops on her Harry's cheeks, ſhe drew them in with her lips, crying, Precious pearls be theſe! I would not exchange one of them for the brighteſt diamond in the mines.

Mammy, ſays Harry—I ſtole away to come and ſee you, while my father was aſleep, or elſe I ſhould not have had leave to ſtir from him a foot. But you and my daddy muſt promiſe to come and dine with me; we will have a table by ourſelves. And do you, my dear mammy, ſtep to our houſe, and if my father ſhould miſs me, tell him I am gone

into the town, and will be back with him before breakfaſt.

Harry then ſtepped to the village, and remembering gaffer Truck's houſe, he went familiarly in, and enquired of the good woman how all the family was. Pray, how is my honeſt old Bartholomew, ſays he, and how is your pretty daughter Molly, and above all what is become of my old friend Tom? The poor woman, all in amazement, cried, A pretty Tom he is forſooth, to be friend to ſuch a ſweet young gentleman as you are. But the truth is, that our Tom is at prentice to a barber at next door. Well, ſays Harry, when gaffer Truck comes home, tell him that his old acquaintance, Harry Clinton, called to ſee him.

Tom had juſt finiſhed an operation on a neighbour, as our hero entered. How are you Tom, ſaid he, careleſsly? Tom gaped, and ſtared, and gaped; but anſwered not a word. Will you give me a caſt of your office, Tom? Ay, that I will, maſter, as ſoon as you get a beard. Why, Tom, you are grown a huge hulking fellow ſince I ſaw you laſt; will you ſtep to yonder green, and wreſtle one fall with me? No, no, maſter, I ſhould hurt you; methinks I could throw a dozen of ſuch fairweather gentlemen as you are, maſter.

Harry inſtantly ſeized Tom by the breaſt with one hand, and by the ſhoulder with the other;

other; when Tom, feeling the hardneſs and hurt of his gripe, immediately exerted his powers, and grappled with his adverſary. But Harry, giving him a ſlight foot, laid him on the broad of his back in the middle of his own floor; but kept him with both hands from being hurt againſt the ground.

I believe, ſaid Tom, riſing, you muſt certainly be the devil; and come, as they ſay, to fling poor ſinners in the ſhape of an angel of light. Ah Tom, Tom, cried Harry, this is not the firſt ſtruggle that you and I have had. Do you remember the bag of nuts, and poor blind Tommy? have you forgot your old friend, your little Harry Clinton?

Bleſs'd mercy! exclaimed Tom, can you be my young lord, my heart's dear young maſter? I am indeed, anſwered Harry, your old acquaintance, my dear Tom, your loving friend, Harry Clinton. And ſo ſaying, he took Tom about the neck, and kiſſed him very cordially.

Tom, ſays Harry, I want you to take a walk with me: Tom inſtantly aſſented, and out they went.

As they walked along, Harry began to grow ſad. Tom, ſaid he, do you know where my dear brother Dicky was buried? Yes, Sir, ſaid Tom, a great way off, in yonder church-yard below the town's-end. Do you know

where the ſexton lives, Tom? In a little white houſe, Sir, juſt joining the yard.

As ſoon as they arrived, Tom called out the ſexton, and Harry, putting a guinea into his hand, ordered him directly to unlock the family-vault.

The man looked aſtoniſhed, but obeyed in ſilence; and Harry as he entered, deſired the ſexton and Tom to wait at a diſtance, and promiſed to be with them by and by.

He put to the door after him, juſt leaving light enough to diſtinguiſh the recent depoſits of the dead.

O, ſaid he, as he advanced, thou true houſe of mourning, thou ſilent end of all men, how ſad art thou to ſenſe! how ſad to me above all, who beareſt in thy dark boſom ſuch precious and beloved relics!

Then caſting himſelf on the coffins of my lady and lord Richard, as they lay ſide by ſide; and claſping his arms about them as far as he could reach; O, he cried, my mother, my brother! my deareſt brother, my deareſt mother! you are gone, you are gone from me, and you never knew the love that your ſon and brother had for you. Ah, how did I flatter myſelf, what happineſs did I not propoſe, in attending, ſerving, and pleaſing you; in doing thouſands of tender, kindly, and dearing offices about you! but you are marched from me, my mother! you are ſnatched from

from me, my brother! all my proſpects are defeated and cut away for ever! you will no more return to me, but I ſhall go to you; and O, that I were laid with you this minute in this ſtill and peaceful manſion, where hopes and fears ceaſe, and all are humble together!

Meanwhile Mr Meekly had gone abroad on his morning's walk. He met nurſe on her way to the manſion-houſe, and accoſting her in a kind of triumph, My good nurſe, ſays he, we have bleſſed tidings for you; your Harry, your hero, is come to the country. I know it, Sir, I know it, anſwered nurſe; it is but a little while ago that my babe left my boſom.

Mr Meekly then proceeded in order to join his young friend, enquiring of all he met which way lord Harry went, till at laſt he was directed to the church-yard. There he found Tom and the ſexton, who, on further queſtion, ſilently pointed to the door of the family-vault, that hung on the jar.

Mr Meekly felt himſelf affected, and withdrew to a greater diſtance, but ſtill keeping his fearful eye on the ſad manſion that now held the living with the dead.

At length Harry came forth drying his cheeks with his handkerchief. He aſſumed a conſtrained air of cheerfulneſs; and joining Tom and the ſexton, obſerved that a great crowd was gathering in the town.

Who are thoſe, Tom? ſaid he; I ſuppoſe, anſwered Tom, your honour's tenants and old acquaintances, who are getting together to welcome you to the country. If that is the caſe, Tom, we muſt go and ſalute them; and you ſhall introduce me, and tell me who is who. For though my heart is heavy laden, it muſt not give a diſcharge in full to gratitude and humanity.

Mr Meekly perceiving that Harry was on his return kept onward, aloof from him, but with an eye on his motions

By this time the crowd had ſorted themſelves, the principals of the families into one group, the young men into another, and the fair maidens into another; and as Harry approached, they all ſet up a joint ſhout of triumph.

Pleaſe your honour, ſays Tom, this is my father, and this is gaffer Gubbins, and this goodman Demſter, and this farmer Feliſter, and ſo on.

Harry, with the lowlineſs of a waſher of feet, would have kiſſed and embraced them all in turns; but preſſing about him they ſeized a hand on either ſide, and eagerly kiſſed them, as alſo the ſkirts of his cloaths all round.

God bleſs your ſweet face! cried goodman Demſter; who ſees it in a morning can't fail, I think, of proſpering the live long day.

When

When he came, in ſucceſſion, to the companions of his infancy, as he kiſſed and ſhook hands with each, in turn, ſome reminded him of his having beat them at boxing, others at wreſtling, and all of his having played with them at priſon-bars, leap frog, ſhout the gate, and ſo forth.

Meanwhile, the girls panted, gazed at him, and longed to get him to themſelves. Sir, ſays Tom, here is your old acquaintance, my ſiſter Molly; there is not a lad in the town whom ſhe is not able to toſs, except your honour. Molly looked full of health as Hebe, and roſy as the May, and Harry caught her about the neck, and kiſſed her very cordially. Do you remember me, Molly? O, anſwered Molly, I ſhall never forget, ſince your honour's lordſhip and I uſed to wreſtle every day behind our houſe. Ay, Molly, cried Harry, there was no harm in it then; but a fall at this day might be dangerous to one of us; above all things take care of that, my good Molly. And if you know ere a pretty lad to whom you have a liking, I will give you fifty guineas, for old acquaintance ſake, toward making up your portion.

The reſt of the girls now preſſed for their ſhare of Harry, and it was with difficulty that he divided himſelf with any ſatisfactory equality among them, as they all kiſſed him ſo cloſe, and ſeemed ſo loth to part.

At

At length, Harry's watch reminded him that it was time to attend his father, and as he parted, they ſhooted after him, Long life and health and honours, to our townſman, our own boy, our own dear ſweet child?

In the mean time, Mr Meekly had returned home, with his heart full of tidings to the earl. When Harry arrived, breakfaſt was on table, and he perceived that his father had been in tears. But no notice was taken of the affair at the charnel-houſe, on either part.

When breakfaſt was over, Harry called in John. Mr John, ſays he, can you tell me how many families there are in this village of yours? Twenty-five families exactly, my lord. Then Harry turned to his father, and ſaid, If your lordſhip will be pleaſed to lend me five hundred guineas for the preſent, I will pay you very honeſtly the hour that my uncle comes to the country. Why, ſirrah, cried the earl pleaſantly, what right has your uncle to pay your debts, eſpecially to ſuch a great amount as you ſpeak of? O, my lord, anſwered Harry, I have already ſquandered away above fifty thouſand pounds of his money; and this is but a trifle, which I am ſure I may very ſafely add to the reſt.

Here the earl looked truly aſtoniſhed. Fifty thouſand pounds! he exclaimed, impoſſible Harry! Why, you had neither ſuch ponds or lakes as mine in London, wherein you might make

make ducks and drakes of them. How in the world could you contrive it? Where did you diſpoſe of them?

In hoſpitals and in priſons, my father, anſwered Harry. In ſtreets and high-ways, among the wretched and the indigent; ſupplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame, and cheerfulneſs to the ſorrowful and broken of heart; for ſuch was my uncle's orders.

Let me go, let me go from this place, my lord, cried Meekly; this boy will abſolutely kill me if I ſtay any longer. He overpowers, he ſuffocates me with the weight of his ſentiments.

Well, Harry, ſaid the earl, go to my deſk; here is the key of the drawer on the left hand, and I make you a preſent of the key and the contents; perhaps you may find there nearly as much as will anſwer your preſent exigencies.

Harry went, and opening the drawer, was aſtoniſhed to ſee it quite full of gold. However, he took no more than juſt the ſum propoſed; and returning to his father, ſaid, What ſhall I do, my lord, with that vaſt heap of money? Why, you extravagant rogue, replied the earl, there is not as much in it as will pay the debt you have contracted with one man. O cried Harry, I am quite eaſy upon that ſcore; I will never affront my uncle by the offer of a penny. And don't you think,

ſaid

ſaid the earl, that we have got poor among us in the country as well as you have in the city, Harry? I believe you may have got ſome my lord; but then I am much more difficult than you may think, in the objects on whom I would chuſe to confer charity. I look upon the money, amaſſed by the wealthy, to have been already extracted from the earnings of the poor, the poor farmer, the poor craftſman, the hard-handed peaſant, and the day-labourer, whoſe ſeven children perhaps ſubſiſt on the milk of a couple of cows. Wherefore, the objects on whom we beſtow theſe gatherings ought at leaſt to be ſomething poorer, and more worthy of compaſſion than thoſe from whom the money was exacted. So ſaying, he ſtepped out.

Amazing boy! cried Mr Meekly, how new, and yet how juſt was that obſervation! I am, cried the earl, as it were in a kind of delicious dream, and can ſcarce yet believe myſelf ſo bleſſed as to be the father of ſuch a child!

In the mean time, Harry had called John aſide. Mr John, ſays he, here are five hundred guineas. Be pleaſed to ſtep and diſtribute them by twenty guineas to each of the families in the village. I would ſave you the trouble, and give them myſelf, but that for the preſent my heart turns with diſguſt from their thanks and their honours. Tell them,

that

that this is a token, in memory of my dear brother, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them further, that I will have no carouſals, no rejoicing, on account of my arrival; and that it would pleaſe me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late loſſes to their remembrance, and ſet them all in tears and lamentations.

My lord now propoſed a ſaunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked; and they entered on a gravel-walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals, that fell ſucceſſively in caſcades, the one into the other.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a ſix-barred gate that directly thwarted their paſſage; and my lord reached his hand through the rails for the key, that the keeper had left in the lock on the inſide, but he could not get at it. We are all at a full ſtop now, ſaid he, unleſs Harry could make a ſhift to climb over the gate: but no, do not, my dear; your foot might happen to ſlip between the rails and hurt you. I will obey your lordſhip, anſwered Harry; I will not venture a foot upon one of them. So ſaying, he catched at the upmoſt bar with his left hand, and throwing himſelf ſlightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The earl and Mr

Meekly

Meekly ſtood mute in utter aſtoniſhment. At length the earl cried, Child, you muſt ſurely be of more than mortal mould, or elſe you have a familiar ſpirit that conveys you thro' the air. Harry ſmiled, but was ſilent.

On their return, John called his maſter aſide, and told him of his due diſtribution of Harry's bounty to the villagers. But my lord, ſays he, when I went down I found them all very buſily employed in preparing bonfires and illuminations in honour of my young lord. This however I was obliged to countermand, by his ſpecial order; and it has greatly mortified all your poor people. Well, well, ſaid the earl, it cannot be helped for the preſent; we muſt not dare to offend our Harry at any rate; and ſo thoſe matters of rejoicing may reſt in reſerve till the arrival of my brother.

Soon afterward our hero's foſterers came, decked out in their beſt attire; and Harry ordered a ſide table to be covered for him and them, but my lord inſiſted on their dining altogether.

Harry placed himſelf very lovingly between them at table, that he might help them, and prevail upon their baſhfulneſs to eat.

When the repaſt was nearly over, nurſe enquired after the little beggar-boy, whoſe abſence ſhe imagined had cauſed the elopement of her darling. He is come to great fortune,

fortune, anſwered Harry; he has found his father and mother, and is heir to a large eſtate. Harry then told the manner in which Ned had been diſcovered, and they were all highly pleaſed and affected by the relation.

But mammy, ſays Harry, what is become of my ſiſter Nelly, on whoſe milk I was ſuckled? and what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myſelf?—They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleaſed to give me others in their room.——Well, mammy, I find we muſt all die, and, ſome time or other, that will be a great grief to one of us, whichever of us ſhall happen to outlive the other. I am ſatisfied to die once, ſaid nurſe, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel—I cant't ſuffer the thought, ſhe cried, and burſt forth into tears—I could not bear, I could not bear to die a thouſand deaths in the death of my Harry!

But, mammy, ſaid Harry, in order to divert her paſſion, you have not yet enquired after the man with the beard. O the old rogue, exclaimed nurſe, I can't think of him with patience. Ay, but mammy, you muſt know, that that ſame old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own and only dear brother to my own dear father here. If that is the caſe, ſaid nurſe, I don't wonder he ſhould ſo greatly yearn after you; and indeed I would rather

wonder if all the world did not yearn and long after you, my love!

And now, mammy, to ſhew you how much you are obliged to this ſame darling uncle, he has ordered me to make you a preſent of five hundred pounds, in payment, as he ſays, of the grief he has coſt you. And take no heed for your children, mammy, I will take that care upon myſelf; for this ſame dear uncle has made me a gift of the lands, and houſe, and plate, and furniture, that he has in this town, and ſo you ſee I am well able to provide for you all.

Here my lord caſt an eye of tender jealouſy upon Harry. I perceive, my ſon, ſaid he, that your uncle is your only truſt, the only dependence that you chooſe to have upon earth. Harry, with a glance of his eye inſtantly caught the meaning of the eye of his father; and throwing himſelf at his feet, O, pardon, my lord, he cried, pray, pardon the overflowings of a grateful and ſimple heart! My uncle is my property; but I am yours, my father, to be diſpoſed of in life, and in death, at your pleaſure. I do truſt, I do depend upon you, my father; and you have already overpowered me with the weight of your affections.

My lord's eyes then gliſtened, and raiſing his ſon, and taking him fondly to his boſom, I believe I have been wrong, my love, ſaid he, and hereafter I ſhall always think ſo, rather

than think any thing amiſs in my Harry. But tell me, my dear, and tell me ſincerely; you ſpeak of your uncle, as one of the richeſt and greateſt men upon earth; as a prince, as an emperor, enabled to give away fortunes and provinces at pleaſure.

And he is, my lord, cried Harry, he is greater than any prince or emperor upon earth. To ſpeak only of his temporal wealth or power, the moſt inconſiderable part of his value, he can do, as I may ſay, what he pleaſes in England. The miniſtry are at his beck, they profeſs themſelves his ſervants; and even his majeſty acknowledges himſelf deeply his debtor, and owes him, I dare ſay, half a million.

And yet this is the man, exclaimed the earl, (turning an eye of penitence on Mr Meekly,) this is the man, as I told you, my friend, on whom I looked down with ſuch provoking contempt; whom I treated with ſuch unpardonable inſolence and ignominy.

My lord then enquired concerning the perſonal adventures of our Hero in London, the account of which would have been more entertaining, had not Harry ſuppreſſed, throughout his narration, whatever he apprehended might tend to his own honour.

As ſoon as the foſterers had taken their leave, my lord propoſed to his remaining gueſts a walk in the gardens; and after a few turns, they ſat down in a rural arbour, that

was interwoven all about with jeſſamine and honeyſuckle.

Mr Meekly, ſaid the earl, I have often longed to hear the particulars of your life; and how you came to live by faith, and not by ſight, and to hold your converſation in heaven, as you do at this day.

I can ſoon obey your lordſhip, anſwered Meekly; for my ſtory is very ſhort and very ſimple, and no way adorned with uncommon incidents.

My mother died a few hours after I was born. My father did not ſurvive her two years; and I fell to the care of my only kinſman, and uncle by my father's ſide.

My uncle was an old bachelor, and though he was of a cold temper, and had no tenderneſs for any one, he yet ſpared no coſt in my education. He ſent me to Eton ſchool, and from thence to Cambridge, where I remained till I took my degrees. I then went to London, bought a ſword and ſword-knot, and commenced fine gentleman.

Though my head had been duly ſtored by my tutors in the rudiments of our religion, my heart had not yet felt any of its precepts; and I conceived, that to go regularly to church, receive the ſacrament, confeſs myſelf a miſerable ſinner, and avoid groſs vices, was the ſum of Chriſtianity. I therefore entered, without ſcruple, into all the faſhionable plea-

ſures

ſures and vanities of the age; and I held, that to pardon an affront would have been one of the deadly ſins in a Gentleman-Chriſtian.

One day, at St James's coffee-houſe, colonel Standard and another gentleman engaged at backgammon for five hundred guineas; and as the ſtake was ſo conſiderable, and both parties celebrated for their ſkill in the game, we all crowded about them to ſee the iſſue.

I happened to be next behind the colonel's chair, and others preſſed behind me, eagerly bending and looking over my ſhoulders. At length he began to fret, as the game was drawing to a cloſe, and going againſt him. Pray, gentlemen, he would cry, don't bear upon me ſo; for Heaven's ſake keep off, you will make me loſe the game. Hereupon, I did my utmoſt to bear back from him, but the company preſſed me forward in ſpite of all I could do; till the colonel, giving an unhappily deciſive caſt, turned about in fury, and ſpit directly in my face.

Indignation gave me ſudden and unuſual ſtrength, and caſting all off who had borne upon me, I inſtantly drew my ſword, and ran the colonel through the body. The company cried out that all was fair, and opening a window for me, they urged me to eſcape. Accordingly I got off, rode poſt to Dover, and there embarked for France.

The colonel, God be praiſed, did not die

of his wound. He lay under the hands of the ſurgeons for above ſeven months, then recovered, and went to join his regiment in Flanders.

Of this my uncle ſent me advice, telling me at the ſame time that I might return with ſafety. Yes, thought I, with ſafety to my life, but with death to my honour! I have taken revenge indeed, but not ſatisfaction; the colonel muſt be compelled to make me perſonal reparation for the affront which he dared to put upon me. His recovery has again daſhed the ſpittle into my face; and I will purſue him through the world, till it is wiped from the obſervation and remembrance of all men.

With this deadly determination, I went poſt from Paris to Flanders, and traced the colonel from place to place, till I found him in a village on the road to Amſterdam.

I believe, Sir, ſaid I bluntly, you may not remember me, for our acquaintance was ſudden, and of very ſhort duration: I am the man in whoſe face you ſpit publicly, at St James's coffee houſe. Then, Sir, ſaid he, I am ſcarce yet recovered of the cauſe which you gave me to bear you always in mind; but pray, what may your commands be with me, for the preſent? I am come to demand a remedy at your hands for the wound which you gave my honour, and which otherwiſe muſt

remain

remain for ever incurable. Ah, he cried, no man ever exacted ſo ſevere a ſatisfaction as you have already taken; what then may be the nature of the further reparation that you are pleaſed to require? Either to aſk my pardon, or fight me within this hour.

That is very hard upon me, indeed, replied the colonel; the honour of my commiſſion will not allow me to beg pardon of any man, at leaſt in order to avoid a combat; ſo, Sir, if you inſiſt upon it, I muſt obey your ſummons, tho' very reluctantly, I confeſs. Then, Sir, ſaid I, meet me in half an hour, with your piſtols and ſword, behind yonder little hill.

The colonel was punctual to the appointment. We both graſped a piſtol, at the diſtance of twenty paces, and advancing, ſtep by ſtep, cried, Fire! Fire! Each ſeemed determined to make ſure of his adverſary; till, coming within arm's length, I fired directly in his face, but the ball paſſed through his hat, and only grazed the ſkin of his left temple.

The colonel then took his piſtol into his left hand, and reaching out his right to me, with a ſmile of great complacence, I think, Sir, ſaid he, I may now aſk your pardon with honour. And to convince you that I did not come to engage you in malice, be pleaſed to examine my arms; you will not find ſo much as a grain of powder in the one or the other.

Ah,

Ah, colonel, I then exclaimed, I acknowledge you my conqueror both in honour and humanity. Had I been ſo unhappy as to kill you, and to find your arms unloaded, I ſhould certainly have done you juſtice, by ſhooting myſelf through the head. But why did I purſue you from kingdom to kingdom? why was I unappeaſed by all the blood that I ſhed? was it from any malignity of heart toward you? By no means. But while I lamented the miſery I had already occaſioned you, I was impelled to finiſh your deſtruction, by a barbarian world, or rather, by the bloody preſcribers of cuſtom, whoſe cenſure I dreaded worſe than death, or even futurity. Courage, colonel, incites ſoldiers to fight for their country; but it is cowardice alone that drives duelliſts together.

For three affectionate days I remained with my late enemy, but now warm friend. He then was obliged to return to quarters; and we parted with a regret much exceeding the hoſtility with which we had met.

On the departure of the colonel, I went to Amſterdam, from whence I drew upon my uncle to the amount of 700 l.; for I reſolved to take a tour through the Seven Provinces, though I had gone for a very different purpoſe

On my return to Amſterdam, I grew affected, one evening, in a manner I had never before

before experienced. I did not feel myſelf any way ſick or in pain, and yet I wiſhed to exchange my ſenſations for any other ſpecies of malady. I was wholly pervaded by a gloomy deſpondence. I looked abroad for comfort, but it was no where to be found; every object gave diſguſt to my diſcontented imagination. I ſecretly enquired of my ſoul, if riches, honours, dignities, if the empire of the world would reſtore her to joy? but ſhe turned from them, and ſaid, All theſe things are ſtrangers and aliens to my peace. Alas, ſaid I, tell me then where your peace may be found? I know not, ſhe replied; but I feel that I am wretched.

For three days I continued under this oppreſſion of ſpirit; and on the third night an increaſing horror of deep and heavy darkneſs fell upon me. All hope died within me, and miſery ſeemed to open a gulph of ever deepening deſtruction in my ſoul. I lay all night bathed in drops of unutterable anguiſh. I wiſhed and ſtruggled to ariſe and change my ſituation; but I felt that my mind was its own place, and its own hell, from whence there was no removal, no poſſible eſcape.

I now concluded that, ſomehow, I muſt have ſinned beyond the meaſure of all ſinners, ſince my damnation was deeper than that of any other. I therefore turned toward God, and wiſhed to repent; but as I did not feel

feel conviction for the ſins of which I accuſed myſelf, no place for repentance was found in my ſoul.

Tremendous author! I cried, I find that thou canſt ſink and ſlay at pleaſure; but canſt thou not alſo raiſe up and make alive? If all things have their exiſtence in thee, O God! is it not near and eaſy unto thee, to impart to us ſome ſenſation of thine own exiſtence alſo? ſome ſenſation of thine own peace, the ſenſe that it is thou alone who canſt be our ſuſtainer? Save me, Jeſus, ſave me from the hell of mine own nature! Save me, thou Son of David, O ſave me from myſelf!

While I thus prayed in an agony, my whole frame was ſuddenly overpowered, and ſunk, & I ſuppoſe, into a ſtate of inſenſibility, till the following day was far advanced. At length I perceived that I ſtill exiſted.

I dreamed that I found myſelf in a deep and noiſome dungeon, without a ſingle ray that might even ſuffice to ſhew me the horrors of my ſituation. I attempted to riſe and grope about; but perceived that I was tied and faſtened down to earth, by a number and variety of bands and fetters.

At length a ſudden light appeared, and diffuſed itſelf throughout the darkneſs of my manſion; when, looking up, I obſerved that the keeper of my priſon had entered, the doors being yet locked. His head, as I though-

thought, was bound about with a tiara, from whence the glory arose that shone around me. In the coronet, instead of gems, were inserted a number of thorns, whose points streamed with incessant and insufferable brightness; and on the golden circlet was engraved, in all languages, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Immediately my shackles loosened and fell away of themselves, and I wished to cast my whole existence under the feet of my lord, but was so overcome with ecstasy, that I could not rise; when, looking upon me with a smile of ineffable graciousness, he approached and took me by the hand, and at the contact, I sprung up a great height in my bed, and awoke to sensations of indescribable blessedness.

You are come then, my Lord, my salvation, you are come, my master, I cried; and I will cling inseparably to you; never, O never more will I suffer you to depart. Ah, I have felt, severely felt, what it is to be without you: for, in your absence, though but for a moment, lies the essence of hell and misery; but, in your presence, my beloved, in your presence is peace unspeakable, and joy for evermore.

From that day my nature became as it were wholly inverted. All the honours and worldly respects for which I formerly risked my life, were

were now my averſion; and I turned from carnal indulgence and ſenſuality with loathing.

Nothing could now affront, nothing could now offend me: as I totally deſpiſed myſelf, ſo I wiſhed, after the proceſs of my divine Maſter, to be deſpiſed and rejected of men. This made all others, the very meaneſt of human creatures, reſpectable unto me. Even in reprobates, methought I diſcerned ſome unerazed traces of the image and ſuperſcription of my God, and I bowed down before it.

If any attempted to injure or defraud me of my property, I yielded it without variance, and thereby I found myſelf cordially enriched.

I grew weary of my own will, and of my own liberty, and I earneſtly prayed my Lord that he would rid me of them, and be inſtead thereof, a controlling principle within me, ever influencing and directing me according to his own pleaſure. Turn me, Jeſus, maſter! O turn me, I cried, from all the evil propenſities of my own evil nature; though thou ſhouldſt turn me, as thou didſt Sennacherib, with thy ruling rein on my neck, thy bridle in my mouth, and thy hook in my noſe! Take my heart and affections captive, and into thine own divine guidance! Compel me into all the ways and all the works of thy com-

commandments; till thy yoke ſhall become eaſy, and thy burden light and delightſome; till I ſhall move, as down a deſcent, wherever thy goodneſs would guide me; till I ſhall feelingly find and know, that all thy ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all thy paths the paths of peace!

This, my lord, may look ſomewhat like boaſting; but it boaſteth of nought, excepting Chriſt crucified, or rather ariſen in me, whereby all worldly matters are crucified unto me.

Within about a fortnight after my converſion, I received a letter from a friend in London, informing me that my old uncle had ſecretly married a young creature, who was lately delivered of a ſon; that he now openly acknowledged her for his wife; and that this, as he feared, did not bode me any good.

At another time, theſe tidings would have greatly alarmed me; but I was now equally reſigned and indifferent to all events.

In a few days after, as I was ſtepping out of my lodgings, I was arreſted in the name, and at the ſuit of my uncle for 700 l. the preciſe ſum for which I had drawn upon him about nine months before. All the conſequences of this caption immediately occurred to me. I perceived that my uncle intended to deprive me of my patrimony, in favour of his new family; and as I had no means for

oppoſing his machinations, ſave what lay in his own hands, I concluded that a jail was to be my portion for life. Wherefore, I lifted up my heart, and ſaid within myſelf, To priſons and to death, give me cheerfully to follow thee, O thou who, in death, art the life and reſurrection!

My ſpirit had no ſooner uttered this ſhort ejaculation, than I felt ſuch a weight of peace deſcending upon me, that my heart leaped within me at the proſpect of ſuffering, and I would not have exchanged my priſon for a throne.

While I quietly walked with the officers toward the place of my durance, they came to a great tavern, where they entered, and propoſed to regale themſelves at my expence.

Meantime, a Dutch merchant of great eminence happened to be with his lady in the principal room, and hearing a buſtle in the houſe, he enquired the cauſe, and ſent for the chief bailiff.

Soon after, I was conducted into their preſence. They both roſe as I entered; and the gentleman, approaching, took me familiarly by the hand, and ſaid in Dutch, Mr Meekly, I hear you are in diſtreſs, and that is ſufficient to recommend you to my ſervices; but your appearance exacts ſomething more from my inclinations. Pray, let me know where-

in, and how far it may be requiſite for you to command me.

I muttered ſomewhat, as I ſuppoſe, inarticulately toward an anſwer. For I proteſt, my lord, I was ſo ſtruck, ſo awed, ſo confounded by his preſence, that I was loſt, for the time, to the conſideration of my own affairs. Meanwhile he placed me at table juſt oppoſite to the heavenly viſion of his bride, and then went and reſumed his ſeat beſide her; while I, gazing in ſilence and utmoſt wonder, recollected thoſe lines of Milton, where, ſpeaking of Adam and Eve, he calls them

"the loveliest pair
"That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
"Adam, the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
"His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve."

The gentleman perceived my aſtoniſhment, and graciouſly ſmiling, again aſked me what ſum was requiſite to extricate me from my preſent difficulty. Ah, Sir, ſaid I, it is a ſum that far exceeds all human bounty; and, indeed, I would not accept the obligation from any man, unleſs I were aſſured of being ſhortly in a capacity to reimburſe him, of which I ſee no likelihood, I think no poſſibility.

Here I told him, in few words, how my father had left me an infant at the diſpoſal of my uncle, who had now put me under arreſt

for 700 l. which, ſome time ſince, he had freely remitted to me, as in my own right.

I ſee, ſaid the gentleman, your uncle is a villain, and means, by caſting you into priſon, in a ſtrange and diſtant place, to deprive you of the power of bringing him to account. But he muſt be detected; it is a juſtice which you owe to the public as well as yourſelf. And as the amount of the pretended debt is not ſufficient for that purpoſe, here is an order on the bank in town for double the ſum. For this you muſt give me your note of hand. Be pleaſed to reimburſe me when it is your convenience. If that ſhould never happen, be under no concern; for I hold myſelf already repaid with uſury, in the opportunity of ſerving an injured and a worthy man.

O Sir, I cried, I cannot, indeed I cannot, I will not accept it on any account. I am patient, nay I am pleaſed with the lot that is appointed me. Shall I, in an inſtant, break the yoke, and caſt the burden which my gracious Maſter, but this inſtant has laid upon me? No, Sir, I ſubmit myſelf to it with thankfulneſs; I take this croſs to my boſom, and preſs it to my heart.

O Meekly, ſaid he, you are a very miſdeeming Chriſtian, if you think yourſelf entitled either to aſſume or retain your proper croſſes at will. There is too much of ſelf-righteouſneſs in ſuch a zeal, Meekly. Humility

mility would rather bid the will of our Maſter to be done; and he offers you enfranchiſement by my hand. Do, my dear Sir, cried the angel beſide him, do, let me petition, let me perſuade you to accept this little inſtance of our good will to ſo good a creature. Tho' my lord here has not been able to prevail, a lady has ſuperior claims, and I muſt not be refuſed.

Quite ſunk, quite overwhelmed, I dropped involuntarily on my knees before them. Bleſſed pair, I exclaimed, bleſſed and beauteous beyond expreſſion; if angels are like you, what happineſs muſt be in heaven! I could no more, my words were choked by my riſing emotions.

My benefactor then roſe, and coming tenderly towards me, he took me warmly in his arms. Mr Meekly, ſays he, do not oppreſs me, I pray you, by this exceſs of acknowledgment; I am but a worthleſs inſtrument in the hands of your beloved; for from him, and him alone, is every good gift, and even the will of the giver. O Mr Meekly, added the lady, her eyes glittering through water, we thank you, we cordially thank you, Mr Meekly; you have occaſioned us much pleaſure this day, I aſſure you; and the means of our happineſs ſhould be delightful in our eyes.

My patron then rung a bell, and ordered

his principal gentleman into his preſence; when, putting the order into his hand, Here ſays he, take this, with the bailiff, directly to the bank; there pay him his demand of 700l. and fees; and bring me a hundred pounds in caſh, and the remainder in bills on London. Then, calling for pen and ink, he drew the following ſhort note, "I owe you fourteen "hundred pounds;" to which I ſigned, Charles Meekly.

On the return of the meſſenger, I was put in poſſeſſion of the caſh and bills, and a dinner of little elegancies was ſerved up.

After a ſhort repaſt, the decanters and glaſſes being placed, and the attendants diſmiſſed, my two patrons gave a looſe to ſocial joy, and invited me to be a partaker in their feſtivity. Never was I, nor ever ſhall I again, be witneſs to ſuch flights of fancy, ſuch a ſpontaneous fluency of heart ſpringing glee! With what pleaſure did erudition caſt off its formal garb? how delightfully did wiſdom aſſume the ſemblance, and at times the very phraſe of childhood! they laughed, they rallied me, themſelves, and the world. Their merriment was as the breaking forth and exuberance of overflowing innocence and virtue. Conceive to yourſelf, my lord, a large room ſurrounded with benches, whereon are ſeated the principal philoſophers, literati, lawyers, ſtateſmen, chief captains, and chief conquerors, in

all

all ages; then think you behold two ſportively obſervant children in the midſt, looking and laughing at the inſignificance of the ſeveral ſages; taking off and holding up the ſolemnity and ſelf-importance of each profeſſion in caricature; and ſetting the whole world, with all its wiſdom, its toils, and boaſted acquirements, its ſolicitudes, applications, and atchievements, at nought.

The gentleman, indeed, pretended, and only pretended, to defend the ſophiſts, the valiant, and the renowned of his ſex; but he evidently exulted in his own defeat; while the lady, with a drollery amazingly voluble, ran through the ſchools of philoſophy, the ſyſtems of human policy, and hiſtories of heroiſm, unpluming the creſted, bringing the lofty low, and depreciating and reducing all magnitude to miniature. And all this ſhe did with an archneſs of ſuch pleaſant meaning; with ſuch looks, eyes, and attitudes of bewitching tranſition, as would have infuſed faſcination into old age and uglineſs, what then muſt it have done when accompanied by a beauty that ſcarce ever was equalled, that could not be exceeded? Did the Sarah of the patriarch Abraham reſemble her, I wonder not that nations ſhould have been enamoured of her at the age of fourſcore.

At length, the enraptured huſband, no longer able to contain, bent toward her with looks

looks of ſoul-darting delight; and reſtraining his arms that would have cruſhed her to his boſom, O, my Louiſa, he cried, you are too much, too pearly, too precious a treaſure for me! But giving him a ſweetly petulant pat on the cheek, Away, you rogue, ſhe ſaid, I'll none of your mockeries!

What can expreſſion add further to this divinely pre-eminent of human creatures? Whatever was her preſent glance, aſpect, or poſture, you would have wiſhed to fix her in it, that you might gaze and admire for ever: but when ſhe varied the enchantment of her action and attitude, you forgot the former attractions; and ſhe became as it were a newneſs of ever-riſing delight!

Alas, how tranſient, how momentary was the bliſs I then enjoyed! A chariot and ſix pied horſes drove up to the door, attended by a retinue of ten or twelve men, all armed, gallantly mounted, and in rich apparel.

My dear Meekly, mournfully ſaid my benefactor, I am ſorry that we are deſtined to different departments. I lodge to night at a villa, belonging to one of my correſpondents; and to-morrow we ſet out to viſit ſome of the German courts. Fare, fare you well, Meekly, for a ſhort ſeaſon at leaſt!

I would have caſt myſelf at his feet. It was an emotion, a propenſity which I could not reſiſt; but he prevented me, by kiſſing and caſting

caſting his arms affectionately about me. The lady then turned to me, and with a ſmile of heart-captivating graciouſneſs, God be with you, God be with you, my good Mr Meekly, ſhe cried! perhaps we may meet ere long in your own England. I anſwered not; but bending on one knee, I caught her hand, preſſed it fervently to my lips, and permitted her to depart.

Alas, they did depart. I ſaw them for the laſt time. They mounted their carriage, and being ſeated, they bent forward, and bowing to me with a fixed regard, off they drove, and tore away with them, as I thought, the beſt part of my ſoul.

I followed them with ſtraining eyes: when out of ſight, methought I held them ſtill in view; and I bleſſed and kiſſed, in imagination, the very ground over which they went. At length I awoke from my delirium, and with ſlow and heavy ſteps turned back into the houſe.

I had not yet, through ſhame, ſo much as enquired the name of my benefactor. I therefore called to my hoſt, in order to inform myſelf of all that I could learn concerning him; as alſo to make out a bill, for it had not been called for, and I pleaſed myſelf with the thought of diſcharging a reckoning that my friends had forgotten. When I queſtioned my hoſt on this head, he put his hands to his

ſides,

ſides, and broke into a violent fit of laughter: No, no, maſter, ſaid he, there's nothing for any one to pay in this houſe, I aſſure you: Mynheer never troubles himſelf about thoſe matters; his major domo pays all; ay, and for every gueſt too that happens to be in the ſame inn with his maſter.

Why pray, ſaid I, is he a lord? A lord, quotha? not ſo little as that comes to neither —No, Sir, he is a prince, the very prince of our merchants; and our merchants are princes above all lords. And pray how do they ſtyle or call him? He has many names and titles; when our traders ſpeak of him, they call him Mynheer Van Glunthong; but others ſtyle him my lord of merchants, and others my lord the brother-man, and my lord the friend of the poor.

The remainder of my ſtory is very ſhort, and ſtill more inſignificant. I ſoon ſet out for England, in order to file a bill againſt my uncle, and compel him to diſcover what patrimony my father had left me. But God was pleaſed, in the mean ſpace, to cut off all debate; his wife and child had died of an epidemic diſtemper, and he did not ſurvive them above a fortnight. He left me a penitential letter, with a ſmall will incloſed, whereby I became entitled to three hundred a year in right of my father, and an additional four hundred

hundred in right of my uncle, with a ſum of near three thouſand pounds in ready money.

If I know my own heart, the only cauſe of rejoicing that I felt on that occaſion was, that it put it in my power to diſcharge my pecuniary obligations to my late generous preſerver. I immediately wrote, and tranſmitted bills to Holland for the purpoſe; but the bills were returned, and I could hear no tidings concerning the reſidence of my patron. I then put out his 1400 l. on the beſt ſecurities that I could procure. It is now cloſe upon five and thirty years ſince I ſaw him; and in that time the principal, with intereſt upon intereſt, yearly turned into capital, has amounted to nearly five thouſand pounds, one penny of which I never touch, but hold the whole as ſacred.

Meantime, it has coſt me hundreds upon hundreds in correſpondences, advertiſements, and even in ſpecial meſſengers to ſeveral parts of Europe, to diſcover where this greateſt, this moſt eminent of men could have concealed himſelf; but, alas, my ſearch proved as fruitleſs as that of the miſer in hunting after the pearl of mighty price!

During thoſe five and thirty years, the image of the perſons of thoſe my two gracious patrons never left my memory, were ever at my heart. Ah, I would ſay to myſelf, they are dead, they are dead; or rapt, perhaps,

haps, like Elijah, alive into heaven: fleſh and blood, refined as theirs, might eaſily paſs from its little impurities through the fire of the love of God, to the place of its bliſs. And again, it was my daily and ardent petition, that if their mortal was not ſwallowed up of immortality, I might once ſet my eyes upon them before I died.

Here Mr Meekly ended——I thank you, my dear friend ſaid the earl, for your hiſtory; it has entertained me moſt pleaſingly, and I have alſo been highly edified by ſome paſſages in it. But with reſpect to the glimpſe that you had of your two wonderful friends, I think it muſt have been a viſion, or merely a matter of imagination; for I never ſaw in nature, nor read in fiction, of any thing comparable to the excellencies that you have deſcribed in that exalted pair. If it was a viſion, my lord, it muſt have been one of bleſſed angels indeed; but I hope you will allow that the benefits which they conferred were no way viſionary O Mr Meekly, ſaid Harry with a ſigh, the picture that you have drawn of this dear lady, has almoſt given me a diſtaſte to all the reſt of her ſex. Ah, might I meet hereafter ſome daughter, ſome deſcendent, ſome diſtant likeneſs of her, how happy ſhould I think myſelf! May Heaven ſucceed your ominous wiſh, my deareſt child, cried Meekly! It is juſt, perhaps prophetic, that it

ſhould

ſhould be ſo. For never did I ſee ſo perfect a reſemblance between any two creatures, as between the conſort of that bewitching woman and yourſelf; it ſtruck me, the other night, the moment you entered the room; and I thought that I beheld my very benefactor newly ariſen, like a young phœnix, from the aſhes of old age.

Near a fortnight now elapſed, without any news or notice from Mr Clinton, or from the meſſenger who was ſent diſpatch for him. Harry daily advanced in the favour and familiarity of his father; and Mr Meekly continued with them in a moſt pleaſing ſociety.

On a fine morning, as they were walking together toward the village, This is the firſt time, my Harry, ſaid the earl with a ſigh, that I have ventured to turn my face this way ſince the death of my wife, and the interment of your dear brother. O my lord, cried Harry, I would gladly exchange my lot in life with the meaneſt of yonder cottagers, who earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands, provided I might thereby reſtore them both to your boſom. Not ſo, not ſo, my ſon, fervently replied the earl; I would not loſe my Harry, though I were thereby to reſuſcitate all that are dead in England. I have no cauſe, no manner of right to complain; I am ſtill happy, wonderfully happy, too happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child!

Juſt then, a great ſhouting and uproar was heard in the village. The huge maſtiff, belonging to Peregrine Pelt the tanner, had run mad, and came foaming up the road, purſued by thirty of the townſmen, armed with ſtaves, ſpits, and pitchforks. The dog ruſhed on at ſuch a rate, that there was no poſſibility for our company to eſcape him; and Harry obſerving, that he made directly toward his father, threw himſelf full in his way. Inſtantly the envenomed monſter ſprung up and caſt himſelf open mouth upon our hero; but Harry, with a wonderful preſence of mind, having wrapped his left arm in the ſkirt of his coat, daſhed it into the frothing jaws of the terrible animal; when, giving a trip, at the ſame time, to his hinder legs, he threw him flat on the ground, and, ſpringing up into the air, he deſcended upon him with all the force of his heels, and daſhed his bowels to pieces; whereupon the creature uttered a faint howl, ſprawled a while, and expired.

The earl and Mr Meekly ſtood yet a-while, pale, aſtoniſhed, and unaſſured; and my lord, looking about in a panic, cried, Where is the dog, what's become of the mad dog? In the meantime the villagers came on in full purſuit, crying out, The mad dog, the mad dog, take care of the mad dog! But, when they all arrived, and beheld their huge enemy looking formidable even in death, never was amaze-

ment

ment equal to theirs. They ſtared at the earl, Meekly, and Harry, in turns; and ſeeing no weapon in any of their hands, God, cried goodman Demſter, God has been wonderfully gracious in your deliverance, my lord; for nothing leſs than a thunderbolt could ſo ſuddenly have ſtricken this monſter dead. I protest, ſaid the earl, I was ſo much alarmed that I know not how it happened; I remember nothing further than that my dear child here thruſt himſelf between his father and danger. But I beheld, ſaid Meekly, when, with one ſtroke of his arm, he daſhed the creature to the ground, and then inſtantly cruſhed him to death with his feet. Not I, Mr Meekly, modeſtly replied Harry; God gave me ſtrength, for the ſeaſon, in defence of my father. But are you not bit, are you not hurt, my child, cried the earl, coming up tremblingly to his ſon? Not touched, indeed, my lord. Glory for that in the higheſt, exultingly cried the earl!

I knew, exclaimed Tom Truck, with a ſhout and look of triumph, I knew it could be no other but my brave and noble young maſter who did the feat. On my life, cried farmer Felſter, he is able, with his naked arm, like another young David, to ſave his lambs from the jaws of the lion and the paws of the bear.

Though theſe praiſes ſerved only to put our

hero to confuſion, they went trickling, like balm of Gilead, to the heart of his father. Pelt, ſaid the earl, let it be your taſk to flea and tan me the hide of your own dog. I will have his ſkin ſtuffed with incenſe, and his nails of ſolid gold; and he ſhall hang up in my hall, from generation to generation, to commemorate the piety and proweſs of my ſon! Meanwhile, my good friends, I invite you all, with your families, kinsfolk, and neighbours, to come and feaſt with me this day. Sorrow hath endured her night; but joy cometh, with my child, and ariſeth on us as a new morning!

In the afternoon, all the town's folk and neighbours, with their wives and children, convened to the great houſe, having their cattle and themſelves heavy laden with faggots, for a magnificent illumination. The whole court was ſpread with tables, and the tables with victuals and liquors; beſides two hogſheads of October that ſtood apart.

The earl, in the joy for his own eſcape, and the recent proweſs of his young hero, went forth with a cheerful countenance, and graciouſly welcomed all his gueſts; whereat they wiſhed health and long life to his lordſhip and their young lord, and, giving a joint huzza, ſat down to their banquet. From whence, after a night far ſpent in carouſal, their great fire being out, and their great hogſheads exhauſted, they peacefully helped each

each other to their reſpective homes; regretting, however, that they had not been honoured with the preſence of their young maſter among them. For Harry had beſought his father to diſpenſe with him yet a while, from partaking in any party or ſcene of feſtivity, eſpecially when appointed in his own honour; and Mr Meekly highly approved and applauded his motion.

On the eve of the following day, Mr Meekly rode abroad on a charitable viſit to a dying man in the neighbourhood; and my lord was fondly toying and patting the cheek of his darling, as they ſtood at the hall-door; when Harry ſpied a mourning coach turning up the lower end of the great avenue, and inſtantly cried out, There's my uncle! my lord; my uncle, my deareſt uncle! and off he ſhot like lightning. The coach drove but ſlowly; Harry was up with it in a twinkling; and vaulting in at the window, was, in an inſtant, in the boſom of his beſt friend and patron.

In the mean time, the earl had retired into the houſe in great agitation. He feared and was jealous of the manner in which his brother would meet him; and this gave him equal doubt and heſitation reſpecting the manner in which he ought to receive his brother. Mr Clinton, on the other hand, was not wholly without ſome ſimilar emotions; ſo that when Harry introduced his uncle into the

parlour, no two noble perſonages could ſalute each other with a more diſtant reſpect.

The earl, however, on caſting a glance upon the face of his brother, felt a tide of returning affection, and lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, It is he, it is he! my Harry, my Harry Clinton! my dear, my long loſt, my long fought brother! then haſtened forward in a guſh of paſſion, and caught him in his eager arms; when Mr Clinton, alternately folding the earl to his boſom, cried, I am content, O my God! give me now to depart in peace, ſince at laſt, I find, and feel, that I have indeed a brother!

Our hero, obſerving the violence of their emotion, interpoſed with a gentle care, and ſupporting them to ſeats, placed them tenderly by each other.

For a while they both ſat ſilent, with a handkerchief at their eyes; till the earl turned, and plaintively ſaid, You do not forgive me, Harry Clinton; you never will, you never can forgive me, my brother! whereupon, Mr Clinton caught up the earl's hand to his lips, and preſſing it with a fervent reſpect, cried, My brother and my lord, my brother and my lord!

O then, ſaid the earl, you do forgive me, I find; but, never can I, never will I forgive myſelf! My faults toward you, my nobleſt brother, for theſe many long years, have been ever before me; my neglects, my pride and inſo-

lence,

lence, my contemptuous treatment of one, ſo highly my ſuperior; of my Harry, the only boaſt and glory of our houſe!

Meanwhile, our hero ſtood aloof, with his head averted, weeping and ſobbing with evident agitation; till Mr Clinton cried, No more, my brother, no more, I beſeech you! It is already too much; I cannot bear my preſent exceſs of grateful affection for you; it ſtruggles to ruſh forth, but utterance is not given. Beſide, we ſhall break the heart of our dear child there; his nature is too tender to ſupport ſuch a ſcene as this.

Harry then ſmilingly turned his face toward his parents, all ſhining through tears, as the ſun in a ſhower; and advancing, and kneeling before them, as they ſat, he took the hands of each alternately, and preſſed them in ſilence to his lips.

In about an hour after, while their affections were ſtill at the higheſt, but their ſpirits ſomewhat compoſed, Mr Meekly returned. The earl immediately roſe, and advancing, took him by the hand with a cordial familiarity. Mr Meekly, ſays he, I ſhall now have the pleaſure of introducing you to that ineſtimable brother, of whom you have heard me ſpeak ſo often. Brother, this is Mr Meekly, my beſt and worthieſt friend!

Mr Clinton roſe and advanced; and Meekly approached with an abaſed reverence, not venturing

venturing to look up, but saluted him, as he would have saluted an angel of light!

Meekly, Meekly, cried Mr Clinton, I have surely heard that name before! Pray, Mr Meekly, were you ever abroad? have you travelled, Sir? were you ever in Holland, Mr Meekly?

Here Meekly started, as awaked by the sound of a voice, whose recollected tunings went thrilling to his heart; and lifting up his eyes, and beholding the traces of features, once so lovely, and ever deeply endeared to his memory, he started, and staggering back some steps, he sunk down on a chair behind him, almost in a fainting fit.

The earl greatly alarmed, went up, and taking him by the hand, What is the matter, my friend, says he? are you taken suddenly ill, are you not well, my Meekly?

O, my lord—he pantingly cried—there he is—as sure as I live—my patron—my benefactor—the wondrous man that I told you of—there he stands in his own precious person before us!

Mr Clinton then approached, and taking a seat beside him, leaned toward him with a melting complacence. Mr Meekly, said he, I expected ere this to have embraced you in heaven; but I rejoice to meet you even on earth; for I have ever retained a very affectionate impression of you; and I more especially

cially rejoice to meet you in the preſent ſociety.

But then—but then you come alone—you come alone, my lord and maſter!——Alas, you wipe your eye!——O then, it muſt be ſo!——And here he broke into a paſſionate guſh of tears.

My lord and our hero, hereupon, recollecting the engaging circumſtances of a character, of whoſe deſcription they had been ſo lately enamoured, could not refuſe their tribute to the memory of that admirable lady, to whoſe perſon they now found themſelves endearingly attached by affinity.

At length Mr Clinton, diſtreſſed to the laſt degree for the diſtreſs in which he ſaw the forlorn Meekly, ſweetly turned from his own affliction to the conſoling of that friend whom he found ſo deeply afflicted for him.

Mr Meekly, ſaid he, let us not weep for the living, but rather for the dead; for thoſe who are yet in the vale of mortality! Shall we mourn the condition of angels? ſhall we lament that a weight of glory is fallen on thoſe whom we loved? No, let us rather rejoice in the proſpect of being ſpeedily partakers!

When ſupper was over, Harry laid hold of the firſt interval of converſe to enquire after his friends in town, more eſpecially Mr Clement, his Arabella, and their little Dicky.

They

They are come, said Mr Clinton, to sudden and great affluence. Old Clement is thoroughly reconciled to his son, and is doatingly fond of Arabella, and her child. I am glad of it with all my heart, cried Harry, clapping his hands; but pray, how did this matter come about, Sir? By an event, my dear, in which the arm of Providence was signally visible. Old Clement's supposed wife was detected, and is dead; as is also her paramour, the villain who betrayed, and lately also attempted to murder your Hammel. His history is wonderful; but it is long, and too horrid to relate.

What an astonishing distance there is, exclaimed the earl, between the characters and dispositions of man and man! And how does my brother, my revered Harry Clinton, rise supreme above all his species, in every excellence, in every virtue, scarce less than divine?

O, my lord, I am persuaded, said Mr Clinton, that could it please God, at this instant, to withdraw from me the influence of his holy and happy Spirit, I should become altogether as evil as the worst, as vile as the vilest.

I cannot think so, my brother, replied the earl: you would still continue a rational and free creature. There is certainly a distinction in the nature of things! there is the beautiful and deformed, the amiable and detestable;

your judgment would approve the one, and reject the other; and your freedom of agency would act conformable to your election.

Ah, my lord, cried Mr Clinton, what things, what beauty, what amiableneſs, what freedom is this that you ſpeak of? Have you found out another univerſe, or another deity beſide HIM in whom our life ſubſiſts? Are there any things in nature, ſave the things of our God? Or what beauty or amiableneſs can they poſſibly exhibit, ſave what they derive from him; ſave ſome quality or impregnation, ſome manifeſtation or impreſſion of his own beauty or amiableneſs?

To make this matter clear, let us go ſomewhat deeper; quite back, if you pleaſe, my lord, to the very birth of things.

Throughout nature, we find that God can impart to his creatures, a being, an identity, a ſpark of life, an intelligence or ſagacity, a conſciouſneſs, a force or action, a will, and a freedom, diſtinct from himſelf, and diſtinct from each other: and this is the utmoſt extent of creaturely nature, whether reſpecting the powers that are in hell or in heaven; whether reſpecting the higheſt ſeraphims that are in bliſs, or the loweſt fallen ſpirits in perdition.

Now all theſe powers or high prerogatives, although diſtinct from God, are infinitely far from being independent of him; for he will not,

not, he cannot depart from his ſupremacy, nor that univerſality of eſſence, by and in which alone all eſſences ſubſiſt. He can, indeed, impart the forementioned powers, to any limited degree that he pleaſes; but then, in their higheſt degree of fire, life, or ſagacity, force, action, or freedom, you will perceive on the ſlighteſt reflection, that there is nothing of the beautiful or amiable that you ſpoke of; but that they are equally applicable, and may be equally exerciſed to evil, or good purpoſes, according to the nature or diſpoſition of the agent.

I have already ſpecified the many great and wonderful powers that God can impart to his creatures diſtinctly, though not independently, from himſelf. But there is one power, one quality which God cannot make creaturely; which, with all his omnipotence, he cannot poſſibly impart, in any kind of diſtinction or ſeparability from himſelf; and this quality is called Goodneſs.

And now, my dear lord, in order to convince you of this moſt capital and moſt important of all truths, a truth upon which time, eternity, and the univerſe all turn, as on their axis; it may be neceſſary to enquire what Goodneſs is.

There is no ſpecies of allowed or conceivable virtue, that is not reducible under the ſtandard of their great leader, and all-gene-

rating

rating parent, called Love. Good Will is the eternal bleſſer of all to whom it is beneficent, and alſo generates its own bleſſing in the very act of its love.

Here lies the great and impaſſable gulph between God and his productions, between the creature and the Creator. The will of God is an eternal Fire of Love toward his creatures, and goes forth in bleſſings upon them as wide and univerſal as his own exiſtence. But the will of the creature is confined and limited like its eſſence. While it is diſtinct from, or uninformed by the will of God, it cannot poſſibly act beyond or out of itſelf; it cannot poſſibly feel for any thing except itſelf; it cannot wiſh any welfare except its own welfare, and this it endeavours to compaſs by the exertion of all its powers.

From this diſtinct, ſelfiſh, and craving will of the creature, ſprings every poſſible evil, whether natural or moral. From the preference of its own identity to that of others, ariſeth pride; from the eagerneſs of its graſping at all advantages to itſelf, ariſeth the envy of any imaginary advantage to another. Pride, covetouſneſs, and envy, beget hatred, wrath, and contention, with every ſpecies and degree of malevolence and malignity; and the diſappointment of theſe paſſions produces rancour and miſery; and all together, they conſtitute

the whole nature and kingdom of hell itself in the soul.

But when God is pleased to inform the will of the creature with any measure of his own benign and benevolent will, he steals it sweetly forth in affection to others; he speaks peace to the storm of rending passions; and a new and delightful dawning arises on the spirit. And thus, on the grand and final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the Will of Good to all, our Jesus will take in hand the resigned cordage of our hearts; he will tune them, with so many instruments, to the song of his own sentiments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, and the goodness of our God, become the wisdom, might, and goodness of all his intelligent creatures; the happiness of each shall multiply and overflow, in the wishes and participation of the happiness of all; the universe shall begin to sound with the song of congratulation; and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah of praise, transcending praise and glory, transcending glory to God and the Lamb!

Purblind reason, here, will say, even the goodness of God himself, in the human heart, will say, If our God is all Love, if he is a will to all rectitude and happiness in his creatures, why did he suffer any evil to begin in nature

nature and creature? Could evil have ariſen contrary to the will of Omnipotence, if Omnipotence had willed that it ſhould not ariſe?

Ah, my friends, no evil ever did, nor ever can approach the will of God; neither can he will or effect any ſpecies of evil in nature or creature; but he can allow a temporary evil in the creature, as a travail toward its birth into the more eminent degree of that goodneſs and happineſs which God effects. God cannot effect or take delight in the ſufferings of the moſt abandoned reprobate that ever blaſphemed his name; but he can will, that the ſinner ſhould be reclaimed to happineſs, even by ſuffering, when there are no other means, in nature, whereby he may be reclaimed.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapſe or evil, have been made duly ſenſible of the darkneſs and dependence of their creaturely nature, and of the diſtance and diſtinction between themſelves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful conſequences of falling off from him, without ſeeing any example, or experiencing any conſequences of ſuch a fall; could they have otherwiſe felt and found that every act of creaturely will, and every attempt at creaturely power, was a forſaking of that eternal wiſ-

dom and ſtrength in which they ſtood; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowlineſs, that reſignation, that gratitude of burning affection which the ſlain will of the mortified ſinner feels when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could thoſe endearing relations have ſubſiſted in creation, which have ſince newly riſen between God and his lapſed creatures, wholly ſubſequent thereto—thoſe relations, I ſay, of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of converſion, that extracts good out of evil, of a love that no apoſtacy can quench, that no offences can conquer—if theſe eternal benefits could have been introduced, without their ground or foundation in the admiſſion of evil, no lapſe or falling off would ever have been.

Here Mr Clinton pauſed; and his auditors continued in a kind of reſpectful muſing, as attentive to what he might further offer. At length the earl exclaimed, Never, never more, my brother, will I debate or queſtion with you, further than aſking your advice or opinion, to which I ſhall inſtantly and implicitly ſubmit, as I would to that of the higheſt ſeraph in heaven. Our dear Meekly, here, and I, had ſome former converſe on a few of theſe deep ſubjects, and I received much ſatisfaction and inſtruction from him; but he was not quite ſo explicit and convincing as you have been.

Ah,

Ah, my lord, cried Meekly, were I as intimate with the Fountain of all knowledge as your precious brother is, you would not then have oppoſed me in the converſation we laſt held on thoſe heads.

On the following day, at breakfaſt, Mr Meekly, took out his pocket-book, and produced bank and ſtock-bills to the amount of ſomething upward of five thouſand pounds. He then preſented them to Mr Clinton, and ſaid, Here, Sir, is a little matter toward repayment of the loan I had from you in Holland. I bleſs, I bleſs my God, that he has enabled me, thus far, to approve myſelf an honeſt man; but, above all, I bleſs him for giving me once more a ſight of the gracious countenance of my patron. But for you, I had miſerably periſhed in a dungeon; to you, Sir, I owe my liberty, to you I owe my life, to you I owe the recovery of the inheritance of my fathers. With reſpect to ſuch obligations, I am indeed a beggared inſolvent. But my heart is pleaſed with the thought, that the connection between us of creditor on your part, and of debtor on mine, ſhould remain on record to all eternity.

Here the worthy Meekly became oppreſſed under ſenſations of grateful recollection; and putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he ſobbed out his paſſion.

In the meantime, Mr Clinton held the bills

in his hand, and careleſsly caſting his eye over them, perceived the amount. As ſoon as he ſaw that his friend's emotion had partly ſubſided, You have, Mr Meekly, ſays he, you have been quite a goſpel ſteward, and have returned me my own with moſt unlooked for uſury; and I heartily pray God, in recompence of your integrity, to give you the principality of many cities in the coming kingdom of his Son. But what ſhall I do with this money, my dear Meekly? My wealth already overflows; it is my only trouble, my only incumbrance. It claims my attention, indeed, as it is a truſt for which I know I am ſtrictly accountable: but I heartily wiſh that providence would reclaim the whole to himſelf, and leave me as one of his mendicants, who daily wait on the hand that ſupplieth all who ſeek his kingdom with neceſſary things; for my Harry has enough, and more than enough now, in the abundance of his noble father. You muſt therefore keep theſe bills to yourſelf, my worthy friend; retain, or give, or diſpoſe of them, even as it ſhall pleaſe you, whether as your property or as my property, it matters not ſixpence; but take them back, you muſt take them back indeed, my Meekly. And ſo ſaying, he ſhoved them over from him, on the table.

Ah, my moſt honoured Sir, exclaimed the repining Meekly, ſure you would not ſerve me

me ſo! My ſoul is but juſt eaſed of a load that lay heavy on it for many, many years. Be not then ſo ſevere as to replace the burden upon me. It would break my very heart, ſhould you perſiſt in refuſing this little inſtance of acknowledgment from one of your warmeſt lovers.

Here Harry found himſelf affected and diſtreſſed for the parties; and, in order to relieve them, took the deciſion of the matter upon himſelf.

Gentlemen, ſays he, I will, with your good pleaſure, put a very quick end to this diſpute; and I offer myſelf to you, as your joint truſtee, to be your almoner and diſpoſer of theſe bills.

As I was lately on my rambles through ſome villages near London, the jingle of a number of infant voices ſtruck my ear; and turning, and looking in at the ground floor of a long cottage, I perceived about thirty little girls neatly dreſſed in an uniform, and all very buſily and variouſly employed, in hackling, carding, knitting, or ſpinning, or in ſewing at their ſampler, or in learning their letters, and ſo forth.

The adjoining houſe contained about an equal number of boys, moſt of whom were occupied in learning the rudiments of the ſeveral handicrafts; while the reſt were buſied

in

in cultivating a back field, intended as a garden for theſe two young ſeminaries.

I was ſo pleaſed with what I ſaw, that I gave the maſters and miſtreſſes ſome ſmall matter; and I reſolved within myſelf, if ever I ſhould be able, to gather together a little family of my own for the like purpoſes.

Now, gentlemen, here comes Mr Meekly's money quite in ſeaſon for ſaving juſt ſo much of my own. But hang it, ſince I am grown ſuddenly rich, I think I will be generous for once in my life, and add as much more out of my proper ſtock. I ſhall alſo make ſo free as to draw on my uncle there for the like ſum; and theſe, totted together, will make a pretty beginning of my little project. As to my poor father here, he has nothing to ſpare, for he has already laviſhed all his wealth on his naughty boy.

My lord and the company laughed heartily at Harry's little pleaſantry.—But harkee, honeſt friend, added the earl, you muſt not think to expoſe me, by leaving me out of your ſcheme; can't you lend me as much, Harry, as will anſwer my quota? Yes, my lord, ſaid Harry, upon proper ſecurities, I think I may venture. You are a rogue, and a darling, and my treaſure, and my honour, and my ornament, cried the earl, turning and bending fondly toward him. While Harry's eyes began to ſwim with pleaſure, and caſting him-

ſelf

ſelf into his father's boſom, he there hid the tears of his ſwelling delight; while Mr Clinton and Mr Meekly ſat ſilently wrapt in the enjoyment of the tender ſcene.

After dinner, the earl ſaid, Tell me, my ever-amiable Harry Clinton, where in the world could you hide yourſelf from my enquiries theſe twenty years paſt? I have got ſome ſcattered ſketches of your hiſtory from Mr Meekly, and my ſon here, and have been burning to learn the whole, but dreaded to aſk you that favour, leſt the recollection of ſome paſſages ſhould give you diſtreſs. I refuſe no pain to do you a pleaſure, my brother.

Here the honourable Mr Clinton began his ſtory, as formerly recited, and that night ſent his auditors weeping to bed.

On the following morning, when he came to that part of his narrative where lady Maitland broke away, he proceeded as followeth.

Having travelled through ſeveral parts of France and Italy, I took Germany in my tour. I ſtaid ſome time at Spa, where I drank the waters, and within the year arrived in perfect health at Rotterdam.

On a viſit to Mr De Wit, at his villa near the city, he told me, over our bottle, that he had, at that time, in his houſe and in his guardianſhip, one of the moſt extraordinary women in the univerſe. Though ſhe is now,

ſays

ſays he, advancing towards the decline of life, ſhe is by far the moſt finiſhed female I ever beheld, while all ſhe ſays, and all ſhe does, give a grace to her perſon that is quite indeſcribable. She hath a youth too, her ſon, with her, who is nearly as great a rarity as herſelf; and were it not that his complexion is ſallow, and that he is ſomething ſhort of a leg, and blind of one eye, he would poſitively be the moſt lovely of all the human ſpecies.

You put me in mind, ſaid I laughing, of the Baratarian wench, who was commended, to governor Sancho; as the moſt accompliſhed beauty within a league; with this exception only, that one eye was blind, and that the other ran with brimſtone and vermilion. But pray who are theſe wonders?

That, ſaid he, I either cannot or muſt not declare. They are evidently people of the firſt faſhion; and muſt have ſome uncommon reaſons for their preſent conduct, as they live quite retired, and admit of no company.

I proteſt, ſaid I, you have raiſed my curioſity in earneſt; is there no managing ſo as to procure me a ſhort tete-a-tete with them? I wiſh there was, ſays he, for I long to know how far your ſentiments agree with mine in this matter. Yeſterday the lady told me that ſhe intended to go and reſide ſome time in England, and that I would oblige her, by getting a perſon, duly qualified, to initiate her

her and her ſon in the language of the country. And now, if ſuch a fine gentleman could condeſcend to undreſs himſelf, you might come to morrow, as a perſon who wanted hire, and I might introduce you to an interview by way of treating, provided you are upon honour not to reveal any thing concerning them, or their place of abode.

The next morning I waited on Mr De Wit, under the appearance of a reduced gentleman, a character that excites a mixture of contempt and compaſſion.

The lady received and ſpoke to me with that dignified complacence, which awes while it engages, and while it attracts, forbids an irreverent familiarity. She was indeed every thing that my friend had boaſted of her; for though her perſon was all majeſty, her manner was all grace. Will you anſwer for the diſcretion of this young man, Mr De Wit! I will, madam, ſaid he. I bowed to them both.

On turning, I perceived that her ſon eyed me with much attention, and I, on my part, ſurveyed him with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. He laboured indeed, apparently, under all the diſadvantages that my friend deſcribed; but enchantment lurked in his accents, and in the dimpling of his lips; and when he ſmiled, heaven itſelf was infuſed through the fine roundings of his olive-coloured countenance.

In ſhort, I felt ſuch a ſudden attachment

to theſe extraordinary perſonages, that I reſolved to keep on the deception, at leaſt for a few days, and accordingly engaged with them at a ſtated ſalary.

I entered on my province. My young pupil, eſpecially, began to improve apace; and as I was particularly cautious in obſerving the diſtant reſpect that ſuited my ſtation, I grew into great favour both with mother and ſon.

How long, Mr De Wit would ſay, do you propoſe to carry on this farce? Till I can prevail upon them, I anſwered, to accompany me to England. For I feel my affection ſo tied to them, that I cannot think of parting.

On a day as I ſat with my pupil in his apartment, he happened to let his book fall; and as I ſtooped to take it up, the picture of my Matilda, that was richly enamelled and ſet with brilliants, to a great value, ſuddenly looſes from its ribband, and dropped through the boſom of my ſhirt upon the floor.

I ſtood concerned and greatly abaſhed by this accident; but my pupil, ſtill more alarmed, ſtarted up, and catching at it, gazed upon it intenſely. Ha, my friend, ſaid he, I doubt you are an impoſtor. The proprietor of this jewel would never ſet himſelf out to hire without ſome ſiniſter deſign. Who, Sir, and what are you?

I own, ſaid I, my ſweet fellow, that I am not what I ſeem; I am of noble deſcent, and

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of riches ſufficient to purchaſe a principality. ——And what then could induce you to impoſe upon us as you have done?——Curioſity at firſt, and then the ſtrong inclination which I took both to you and your mother at our firſt interview; neither did I propoſe to reveal myſelf, till we ſhould reach my native country, where all ſorts of honours and affluence attend you.——Tell me then, ſaid he, whoſe picture is this? a very lovely one indeed! is this the face, Sir, of your miſtreſs, or your wife? (looking very inquiſitively at me.) Ah, ſaid I, ſhe was once miſtreſs of thouſands of hearts; nobles waited before her drawing-room, and dukes near her toilet. She was once alſo my wife; but the dear ſaint is now eternally bleſſed in a more ſuitable Bride-groom.

Will you indulge me, Sir, ſaid he, with the ſtory of your loves? It may atone in a great meaſure for your late deception, which, however well meant, was very alarming.

Here I related to him the ſhort pathetic hiſtory that I told you of my Matilda, with which he was ſo affected, and in ſuch violent agitation, that I was quite affrighted for him, and ſtopped ſeveral times; but he inſiſted on my proceeding.

Ah, ſaid he, when I concluded, ſhould I ever be conſorted in the manner that you and your Matty were, how bleſſed I ſhall think

myſelf! I have, ſaid I, a little couſin in England, and perhaps the loveliеſt child in the world, and if you will marry her, when you both come to proper years, I will ſettle ten million of French money upon Meantime I beſeech you to ſay nothing to your mamma of what has paſſed. I will not, ſaid he, unleſs I ſee a diſcretionary neceſſity for it.

That night, I went to the city to ſettle the affairs of my houſehold. On my return next morning, I met Mr De Wit at the gate of his court. Ah, my friend, ſaid he, our amiable gueſts are departed. Gone, I cried, gone! which way, whereto, I pray you? That alſo is a ſecret, ſaid he, which I am not permitted to tell you. Late in the evening there arrived a retinue of about twenty ſervants, ſtrongly armed and mounted, with a flying chaiſe and ſix horſes, and a packet of letters. The lady did not go to bed, but ordered all things to be in readineſs for their departure againſt the riſing of the moon. When they were near ſetting out, and going to bid me adieu, Have you no commands, madam, ſaid I, for the good young man your tutor? Not a penny, ſays ſhe; I cannot afford wages equivalent to ſervants of his quality. How, madam, ſaid I, is my friend then detected! But it was a very innocent and friendly fraud, I aſſure you; I ſhould not have impoſed him upon your ladyſhip, did I not know you to

be

be ſafer in his honourable hands than in thoſe of any other.

I then gave them an account of your family, your vaſt fortune, nor was I quite ſilent as to your merits, my dear Harry; and I added, that I was ſenſible you would be deeply afflicted at the departure of perſons to whom you were ſo ſtrongly attached. There is no help for it, replied the lady; we have reaſons of the utmoſt import for not diſcloſing ourſelves to him. Tell him, however, that we eſteem him highly—affect him tenderly—ſhall think of him—ſhall pray for him—and—laſtly——that you ſaw us drop a grateful tear to his remembrance.

As I could extort no further intelligence from my friend Mr De Wit, I parted in a half kind of chagrin, and prepared to purſue my fugitives, though I knew not what road to take, nor where to turn me for the purpoſe. At all adventures, however, I ſet out on the way to France; as they appeared to be of that country, as well by the elegance of their manners, as by their fluency in the language.

I was attended by eleven of as brave and faithful fellows as ever thruſt themſelves between their maſter and danger.

On the fifth or ſixth day, as we got on the borders of French Flanders, in an open and deſolate way, with a foreſt far on the left, a

man rode toward us on the ſpur, and approaching cried out, Help, gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, help to reſcue my dear ladies, who are plundered and carried away by the banditti! They have already killed twenty of my companions, and I alone am left to cry out for relief——I bid him lead, and we followed.

In a few minutes we came where we ſaw a great number of the dead and dying, covering the ſand and thin herbage. But our leader cried out, Stop not here, my noble friends! Yonder they are, yonder they are! they have but juſt taken away all our horſes, luggage, and coach, and are now at the plunder. I am weak through loſs of blood, but will help you the beſt I may.

Here he ſpurred again toward the enemy, but his horſe would not anſwer his courage. I then looked about to obſerve if any advantage could be taken; for I perceived that the ruffians were ſtill very numerous, about thirty, who had ſurvived the late combat; but ſeeing that the country was quite open, and that we had nothing but reſolution and our God to help us, I commended myſelf to him in ſo good a cauſe, and putting my horſe to ſpeed, I rode full at the foe, confident of being well and gallantly ſeconded.

When the banditti perceived us, they inſtantly quitted the plunder, and gathering into

into a group, they prepared their carabines, and diſcharged them full at us as we drew near.

As I happened to be foremoſt, I received the greateſt damage. One of their balls gave me this mark in my neck; another paſſed through the fleſh of my left ſhoulder; and another through my hat, and left this ſcar in my head.

But when we came in upon them, as the Romans ſay, *comminus enſe*, hand to hand, had they doubled their numbers, they would have been as nothing to us. My faithful Iriſhman levelled half a ſcore of them with his own hand, and in leſs than three minutes we had no opponent in the field. I then rode up to the coach, and perceived two ladies in it, pale as death, and ſunk ſenſeleſs to the bottom.

Immediately I ordered James, my ſurgeon's mate, to take a little blood from them, and, on their recovery, to follow me, with all my people, and all the horſes, baggage, &c. to the neareſt inn. Then, feeling my wounds begin to ſmart, I took my ſurgeon with me, and galloped away.

In about a league we came to a large houſe of entertainment, and finding myſelf ſick and qualmiſh, through the great effuſion of blood, I had my wounds directly dreſſed, and taking

a draught of wine whey, got into a warm bed.

After a night of uneaſy ſlumbers, the curtain of my bed was gently drawn aſide, and awaking, I heard a voice ſay, in ſoft muſic, Ah, my dear mamma, it is he! it is he himſelf!

On lifting my feeble eyes, I perceived a viſion at my ſide, of a female appearance, but more wonderful and more lovely than any thing I had ever conceived of the inhabitants in bliſs. Her eyes ſwam in glory, and her whole form ſeemed a condenſing or ſubſtantiation of harmony and light.

While I gazed in ſilent aſtoniſhment, I heard another voice ſay, Don't you know us, my ſon, my dear Mr Clinton? don't you remember your pupils? don't you remember your blind, lame, and tawny Lewis? he is now turned into that paſſable girl there, whoſe honour and whoſe life you yeſterday preſerved, at the great peril of your own.

Here, ſeizing her hand, I preſſed it to my lips and cried, Am I then ſo bleſſed, my honoured madam, as to have done ſome ſervice to the two deareſt objects of my heart's fixed affections? Soft, ſays ſhe, none of theſe tranſports; your ſurgeon tells us that repoſe is neceſſary for you. Meantime we will go and prepare the beſt regimen that the place can afford for your nouriſhment; and after that,

I will

I will ſend a diſpatch to my lord, and let him know how far, how very deeply, he and we, and all his houſe, are indebted to you.

For that day, and the following week, as my fever grew ſomething high, I ſaw no more of the daughter; and the mother ſtaid no longer than to adminiſter ſomething to me, or barely to enquire how I was. At length I got a cool, and began to recover, when the former viſion deſcended upon my raviſhed ſenſes, the viſion of that Louiſa, the ſight of whom never failed to bring cheer to the eyes, and delight to the hearts of all beholders.

They ſat down by my ſide, and my lady, taking my hand, and looking tenderly at me, What would you think, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, of my Louy for a wife? Ah, madam, I exclaimed, ſhe would be too much of bliſs, too precious, too glorious, too overpowering for the heart and ſenſes of any mortal! Don't tell me, cries my lady; in my eyes, my Harry, you are full as amiable for a huſband, as ſhe can be for a wife. Beſide, you have earned her, my ſon; ſhe is your own dear purchaſe, by a ſervice of infinite value, and at the price of your precious blood. She has told me the ſtory of your firſt love, and the recollection of it never fails to bring tears from my eyes. But I muſt, hereafter, hear the whole from your own mouth, with all your other adven-

tures;

tures; the ſmalleſt incident will be very intereſting to me, I aſſure you. O my dear, my ſweet fellow, you are to a hair the very man I wiſh for my Louiſa, the brave, the tender, gentle, and generous heart; juſt the thing I would have wiſhed for myſelf, when I was at the age of my Louy.

But, my deareſt, my honoured madam, loved and honoured next to heaven, you have not yet told me how your Louiſa is inclined: whereupon the bewitching creature, archly ſmiling, and bluſhing, and reaching forth a poliſhed hand of living alabaſter, Here, ſhe cried, I preſent you with this trifle, in token that I do not hate you—very much.

My Clinton, ſaid my lady, I have ſent off my favourite ſervant Gerard, with my diſpatches to my lord. He is the only one that remains of all my retinue. Your ſurgeon has dreſſed his wound, and pronounces it ſo ſlight, as not to incommode him in his journey. I choſe him more particularly for the carrier of my purpoſes, as he was the witneſs of your valour; as he can teſtify to my lord with what intrepidity you ruſhed foremoſt into the thick of the aſſaſſins; and with what unexampled bravery you defeated, in a ſhort time, a body of four or five times your number. Theſe things, I truſt, will have their due weight: for though my lord is of a lofty and inflexible nature, he is yet alive to the feelings of hono-

nour

nour and juſtice, ſo that our affairs have a hopeful and auſpicious aſpect. But you are a little fluſhed my child; we will not encroach further upon you till to-morrow.

During the three following weeks, though confined to my bed, I was permitted to ſit up, and my wounds, though not ſkinned, were healing apace. What happineſs did I enjoy during that ecſtatic interval! the maternal and filial angels ſcarce ever left my ſide. One morning, when I juſt awoke from a terrifying dream, they both entered with peace, and comfort, and healing in their countenances.

What is the matter, my Harry, ſaid my lady? your face does not ſeem compoſed to that fortitude and complacence which is ſeated in your heart. Ah, madam, I cried, I have been all night tormented with the moſt alarming and horrible viſions I ever had in my life. Three times I dreamed ſucceſſively, that my Louiſa and I were walking hand in hand, through the fields of Elyſium, or on the banks of Meander, or in the gardens of Alcinous, gazing and drinking in large draughts of love from each other; when at one time a huge and tremendous dragon, at another a ſudden earthquake, and at another an impetuous hurricane came, and caught, and ſevered us far aſunder.

But my viſions, my honeſt friend, ſaid the heavenly ſmiling Louiſa, have been of a very different

different nature. I dreamed that, while we were ſtanding on the bank of a frightful precipice together, your Matilda deſcended, all celeſtial, and a thouſand times more lovely than ſhe appears in the lovely portrait that you carry about you. At firſt I feared that ſhe came to reclaim you to herſelf; but inſtead of that, ſhe ſmiled upon me, and began to careſs me, and taking my right hand ſhe put it into yours. Then, aſcending in her brightneſs, ſhe hovered a-while on high, and caſting down upon me a look of fixed love, ſhe gave me a beck with her hand, as it were to follow, and was immediately loſt in glory.

O, my dear children, cried the marchioneſs, (for ſuch ſhe was), might I but once ſee you united, how I ſhould lift my head! or rather, how ſatisfied I ſhould be to lay it down in peace, having nothing further to care for on this ſide of eternity!

That night I ſlept ſounder than uſual, and did not awake till the day was ſomething advanced. On opening the curtain, I ſaw James ſeated in a moody poſture by the ſide of my bed. How are the ladies, James? ſaid I. Gone, Sir. Gone, gone! I cried out. Yes, Sir, gone indeed; but with very heavy hearts, and both of them drowned in tears. There has been a large body of the Gens d'Armes ſent for them, ſo that there was no reſiſting. Poor Gerard went on his knees to his lady,

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to beg permiſſion to throw himſelf at your honoured feet, as he ſaid, and to bid you adieu, but ſhe would not allow him. Meantime, ſhe charged me with this watch and ring, and this letter for your honour.

I catched at the letter, and tearing it open, read over and over, a thouſand times, what will for ever be engraven in my memory, and on my heart.

"WE leave you, we leave you, moſt beloved of men, and we are miſerable in ſo doing; but alas, we are not our own miſtreſſes. My lord, for this time, has proved unjuſt and ungrateful; and refuſes your Louiſa, as well to my prayers, as to your infinite merits. He has affianced her, as it ſeems, to a prince of the blood, and his ambition has blinded him to all other conſiderations. Be not yet in deſpair, we ſhall exert our very utmoſt to get this injurious ſentence reverſed; and if your Louiſa inherits my blood or ſpirit, not all the engines in France will ever compel her to give her hand to another. In the meantime, follow us not, come not near us, we beſeech you. Should you be diſcovered, you will inevitably be aſſaſſinated; and we alſo ſhould periſh in your loſs, my ſon. We are diſtracted by our fears for you, and it is this fear that has prevented us from diſcloſing ourſelves fully to you. Keep up your correſpondence, however, with our friend De Wit, and through him you

you ſhall learn the firſt favourable turn that happens in our affairs. I leave you my ring, in token of your being the wedded of our heart; and Louiſa leaves you her watch, to remind you of time paſt, and to look upon, when at leiſure, and think of"

Your ELOISA DE——

Your LOUISA DE——

Yes, I cried, ye precious relics, ye delicious memorandums, to my lips, to my heart! Be ye the companions of my ſolitude, the conſolers of my affliction! Sooner ſhall this arm be torn off, and time itſelf paſs away, than one or the other ſhall be divided from my cuſtody.

Ah, how uſeleſs are admonitions to the impatience of a lover! fervent love can know no fears. I was no ſooner able to ſit my horſe, than I ſet off directly for Paris; with this precaution only, that my people were to call me by my mother's maiden name of Goodall.

As we knew not the names or titles of thoſe after whom we are in ſearch, our eyes became our only inquiſitors; and we daily ranged the town, poring into every carriage of diſtinction for a ſight of the mother or daughter; and even prying among the lacqueys and liveries for the face of our friend Gerard.

On a day, as my valiant Tirlah and I rode abroad,

abroad, reconnoitring the ſuburbs, we heard a noiſe and ſhout of diſtreſs that iſſued from a diſtant farm-houſe; and as we haſtened up, the tumult grew louder, and the cry of help! and murder! was ſeveral times repeated.

We inſtantly knocked at the door, but were refuſed admittance, when Tirlah alighted, ran againſt it, and breaking through bars and all with his foot, threw the door off its hinges.

On entering, we ſaw a man ſtretched on the broad of his back on the floor, with four others about him, who were going to uſe him very barbarouſly. Stay your hands, I cried; I will ſhoot the firſt man through the head who ſhall dare to proceed in this buſineſs.

Why, Sir, ſaid a young fellow, riſing, this man wanted to be gracious with my pretty young wife; I caught him in the very attempt; and ſo I think it but fair and honeſt to ſpoil him of ſuch ſport for time to come. Ay but, ſaid I, you might murder him, and I cannot ſuffer that. Come, my friend, no harm appears to be done as yet, and if he pays a handſome penance for the wickedneſs of his intention, I would adviſe you to paſs matters over for the preſent. Say, how much do you demand? Five hundred Louis d'Ors, ſaid the fellow; if he pays that, he ſhall be quit for this turn.

Five hundred Louis d'Ors, I exclaimed! why, all the clothes on his back are not worth

the hundredth part of the ſum. True, maſter, ſaid the peaſant, winking, but his pockets may happen to be richer than his clothes. Well, ſaid I, if he ſecures you in half the ſum, I think you may be ſatisfied. Why, maſter, ſince you have ſaid it, I will not go back. Whereupon the aſtoniſhed priſoner was permitted to riſe.

What do you ſay you very bad man? Are you willing to pay this fellow the ſum I agreed for, in compenſation of the injury you attempted to do him? I am, Sir, ſaid he, with many thanks for your mediation. Then, haſtily putting his hand to his pocket, he took out a note on the cuſtoms, which, with ſome ſmall matter of caſh, made up the money, and we departed the houſe together.

As I was juſt going to mount, he came up and accoſted me with elegance and dignity. Sir, ſaid he, you have made me your debtor, beyond expreſſion, beyond the power of princes to pay. Be pleaſed however to accept the little I have about me; here are five thouſand Louis, in this little note-book. Not a penny, Sir, indeed; I am by no means in want. You muſt not refuſe, ſaid he, ſome token of my acknowledgment; here is a ſtone valued at double the ſum I offered you: then, taking from a pocket the diamond-button of his hat, he preſented it to me. You muſt excuſe me, Sir, ſaid I; I can accept of no conſideration

ſideration for doing an action of humanity; and I rejoice to have preſerved a perſon of your diſtinction and generoſity. I then turned my horſe, and though he called after me, I rode away, being neither deſirous of knowing or being known.

My reſearches hitherto being altogether fruitleſs, I imagined I might, with better likelihood, meet my beloved in the public walks, public theatres, or rooms of diſtinguiſhed reſort.

One night, as I ſat alone in a ſide box at the opera, intently gazing and hungering around for ſome ſimilitude of my Louiſa; there entered one of the loveliеſt young fellows I ever beheld. He careleſsly threw himſelf beſide me, looked around, withdrew his eyes, and then looked at me with ſuch a long and piercing inquiſition as alarmed me, and gave me cauſe to think I was diſcovered.

Though the French ſeldom heſitate, he ſeemed at once backward and deſirous of accoſting me. At length he entered upon converſe touching the drama and the muſic, and ſpoke with judgment and elegance ſuperior to the matter; while I anſwered him with due complacence, but in a manner that partook of that regardleſſneſs for trifles which then ſat at my heart.

Between the acts, he turned, and caſt his eye ſuddenly on me. Sir, ſays he, do you be-

lieve that there is ſuch a thing as ſympathy? Occaſionally, Sir, I think it may have its effect; though I cannot credit all the wonders that are reported of it. I am ſorry for that, ſaid he, as I ardently wiſh that your feelings were the ſame as mine at this inſtant. I never ſaw you before, Sir; I have no knowledge of you; and yet I declare, that, were I to chooſe an advocate in love, a ſecond in combat, or a friend in extremity, you, you are the very man upon whom I would pitch.

I anſwered not, but ſeized his hand, and preſſed it to my boſom. I conceive, Sir, continued he, notwithſtanding your fluency in the language, that you are not a native. My name is D'Aubigny; I live at ſuch a place; and if you will do me the pleaſure of a ſingle viſit, all the honours, reſpects, and ſervices, that our houſe can confer, ſhall be yours without reſerve. Sir, ſaid I, I am of England; my name is Goodall; and as ſoon as a certain affair allows me to admit of any acquaintance in Paris, you ſhall be the firſt elected of my arms and my heart.

In a few nights after, as Tirlah and I were turning a corner of the Rue de St Jacques, we ſaw three men, with their backs to the wall, attacked by nearly three times their number. We did not heſitate a moment what part to take. At the firſt paſs, I ran one of the aſſaſſins through the body; Tirlah level-

led

led two more with his oaken ſtaff, and the reſt took to flight.

Gentlemen, ſaid one of the three, I thank you for this brave and ſeaſonable aſſiſtance.—Roche, run for a ſurgeon, I am wounded, I doubt, dangerouſly.—Pierre, lend me your arm —Come, gentlemen, we have but a little way to my houſe.

Though the night was too dark for examining features, I thought that the voice was not quite unknown to me. Within a few minutes we arrived at a palace that retired, inward, from the houſes that were ranged on either hand. On pulling the hanger of a bell, the great door opened upon a ſumptuous hall, which led to a parlour, enlightened by a ſilver ſconce that hung from the vaulting.

As we entered, the maſter turned ſhort upon me, and looking full in my face, and ſtarting and lifting his hands in ſurpriſe, Great ruler of events! he cried, the very man I wiſhed my brother and companion through life! and this is the very man you have ſent to my reſcue!

Juſt then the ſurgeon arrived, and I heard him haſtily aſking where the marquis was. On entering, he ſaid, I am ſorry for your misfortune, my lord; but matters may be better than we apprehend: and immediately he took out his caſe of inſtruments. One of the ruffians, ſaid the marquis, before I was a-

ware, came behind, and run me through the back.

The ſurgeon then ript open his lordſhip's waiſtcoat, and changed colour on ſeeing his ſhirt drenched in blood. But getting him quickly undreſſed, and having probed his wound, he ſtruck his hands together, and cried, Courage, my friends! it is only a fleſh buſineſs; the weapon has paſſed clear of the ribs and vitals.

As ſoon as the marquis's wound was dreſſed, and that we had got him to bed, I fancy, Sir, ſaid I to the ſurgeon, I may have ſome ſmall occaſion for a caſt of your office; I feel a little ſmart in my ſword-arm.

On ſtripping, he found that a chance thruſt had entered about half an inch into the muſcle above my elbow, and had ripped up ſome of the ſkin. But he quickly applied the proper dreſſing; and I was preparing to take my leave, when the marquis cried out, You muſt not think of parting, my dear friend; you are the maſter of the maſter here, and lord of this houſe, and of all that is in it.

The ſurgeon then ordered his lordſhip to compoſe himſelf as ſoon as poſſible; and having wiſhed him a good-night, I ſent Tirlah to my lodgings to let my people know that I was well, and in friendly hands. I was then conducted by the domeſtics to a ſuperb apartment, where a bed was prepared, and where a ſmall

a ſmall ſupper of elegancies lay fuming on the ſideboard.

Having ſwallowed a few bits, with a glaſs or two of wine, I roſe and ſauntered through the room, muſing on my Louiſa, heavily ſighing, and nearly deſpairing of being ever able to find her.

Some time after, I ſat down, to undreſs and get to bed, when a number of the officers of juſtice ſilently entered my chamber, ſeized my ſword that I had put off, and coming whiſperingly to me, commanded me to accompany them, without making any noiſe.

I ſaw that it was madneſs to reſiſt; and as I went with them, I obſerved that two of the family liveries had joined themſelves to the officers. It then inſtantly occurred that I was in the houſe of my rival; that the marquis was the very perſon to whom my Louiſa had been deſtined; that I was ſomehow diſcovered; and that they were conducting me to the Baſtile, of which I had heard as many affrighting ſtories as are uſually told of the inquiſition.

Ah, traitor, ſaid I to myſelf, is it thus you ſerve the man who but now ſaved your life at the expence of his own blood? Let no one hereafter truſt to the bleeting of the lamb, or the courting of the turtle; the roaring of the lion, and the pounces of the vulture, may thus deceitfully lurk under the one and the other.

After

After paſſing ſome ſtreets, they took me to a large houſe, where dwelt one of their chief magiſtrates, being alſo a member of their parliament. Having knocked reſpectfully at the gate, and waited ſome time, at length we were admitted, and they took me to a kind of looby, where we ſtaid, while one of the poſſe went to adviſe the juſticiary of my attendance. At length he returned, and accoſting me in a tone of ſurly and diſcouraging authority, Friend, ſays he, my lord is engaged, and not at leiſure to-night; to-morrow, perhaps, he may hear what you have to plead in your own defence. So ſaying, he and his fellows thruſt me into a waſte room, and locked and chained the door upon me, and, laughing, bid me to warm or cool my heels at pleaſure.

Fool, fool that I was, ſaid I, to quite the ſide of my brave and faithful companions, how quickly ſhould we have diſcomfited this magiſtrate and all his hoſt! but I muſt be a knight-adventurer forſooth, and draw my ſword in defence of every ſcoundrel who goes the ſtreet.

I then went and felt the windows, to try if I could force a paſſage for making my eſcape; but finding that all were grated with ſtrong and impaſſable bars of iron, O, I cried, that this marquis, this ungrateful D'Aubigny were now in his fulleſt ſtrength, and oppoſed to me,

me, point to point, that I might reclaim from him, in an inſtant, the life I have given!

I then traverſed the room with an inconſiſtent pace, now raſhly reſolving on furious events, and again more ſedately deliberating on what I had to do; till, having ruminated thus for the remainder of the night, I at laſt became more at eaſe, and reſigned myſelf to the diſpenſations of all-diſpoſing providence, though, I confeſs, with a gloomy and reluctant kind of content.

When the day appeared, and was ſomething advanced, I heard my door unlocking, and the chain taking away, and I concluded that they came to ſummon me to my trial. But inſtead of the officers of juſtice, I ſaw near twenty men in the marquis's livery, who ſilently bowed down before me, and reſpectfully ſhewed me, with their hand, the way out of my priſon. I followed them alſo in ſilence, and getting into the ſtreet, I wiſhed to know if I was really free, and turned from them down the way that led to my lodgings; whereupon they caſt themſelves before me, and in a ſupplicating poſture, beſought me to go with them.

Finding then that I was ſtill their priſoner, I gave a longing look out for my valiant fellows; but as they did not appear, I ſuffered myſelf to be reconducted to the marquis's palace, and followed my obſequious command-

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ers into the proud apartment, to which they had led me the preceding night, and where, bowing to the ground, they all left me, and retired.

As I had been much fatigued in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed, leaving events to their issues, and fell into a kind of starting and intermitting slumber, when I heard a voice, at my side, shout out, in once-loved accents, O my dearest mamma, it is he; indeed, it is he, it is he himself!

On this I awoke, and roused myself, and lifting my languid eyes, and fixing them on the object that stood before me: And are you then, I cried, are you also, Louisa, in the confederacy against me?——Say nothing, you are not the Louisa I once knew.——I will arise, I will go forth; not all your gates and bars and bolts shall hold me; I will tear my body and my soul too, if possible, from you for ever!——Go to your betrothed, to your beloved! and leave me to perish, it is a matter of no import——I am yet pleased that I saved your chosen; as it may one day serve to reproach you with the merits of the man whom he has so unworthily treated!

I could no more. A long silence on all sides ensued, save the language that was uttered by heavings and sobbings. When the marchioness, coming and casting herself on her knees by my bed, You have reason, Sir, she exclaimed,

exclaimed, you have reaſon to reproach and to deteſt every branch of our ungrateful family for ever! you ſaved myſelf, you ſaved my daughter; and yet the father and the huſband proved averſe to your deſervings, and turned your benefits into poiſon. You have now ſaved our ſon, the only one who can convey our name to poſterity; and yet, from the beginning, you have received nothing in return, ſave wounds, pains, and ſickneſs, loſſes, damages, and diſappointments; and at this very day, the moſt ignominious uſage, where you merited endleſs thanks and everlaſting renown. Blame my Louiſa then, and me, but blame not my ſon, Sir, for theſe unworthy events; he is quite innocent of them, he is ſhocked and diſtracted by them; he reſpects and loves you more than ever Jonathan loved the ſon of Jeſſe But he will not, he dare not ſee you, till we have in ſome meaſure made his peace.

How, madam! I cried,——but no more of that poſture, it pains me paſt bearing—— Is it a fact, can it be poſſible, that the marquis D'Aubigny ſhould be your ſon? Is he not of the blood-royal, the very rival whom your letter rendered ſo formidable to me? and was it not by his order that I was diſgracefully confined in a dungeon all night?

No, no, ſaid my lady, he would have ſuffered the rack firſt. He is in deſpair, quite inconſolable

conſolable on that account. Let us go, my deareſt Harry, let us go and carry comfort to him of whom you are the beloved.

Ah no, my mamma, cried out Louiſa, let us put no conſtraint on Mr Clinton, I pray you! there has been enough of confinement, we leave him now to his liberty; let him go, even where, and to whom he likes beſt. Once, indeed, we could have tied this all-conquering champion with the ſpinning of a ſilk-worm; but now he tells us, that neither gates, bars, nor bolts, ſhall hold him to us.

Here, I threw myſelf precipitately at her feet, Pardon, pardon, my Louiſa, I cried, O pardon the miſdeeming tranſports of your lover, and pardon the faults that love alone could commit. My enemies are foreign to me, they and their injuries affect me not; but you are regent within, my Louiſa, you ſit throned in my heart, and the preſumption of an offence from you makes ſtrange uproar in my ſoul. Well, ſays ſhe, reaching her hand, and ſmiling through tears, ſince it is ſo, poor ſoul, here is the golden ſceptre for you; I think I muſt take you to mercy.

I caught her hand, and impreſſed my very ſpirit on the wax; and my lady, caſting her arms about us, and kiſſing us both in turns, requeſted that we ſhould go and carry ſome conſolation to her dear repining Lewis.

As we entered his chamber, the marchion-

eſs

eſs cried out, Here he comes, my ſon, we have brought your beloved to you; yet not your Mr Goodall, as you thought, but one who is, at once, both your good angel and our good angel, even our own Harry Clinton, the betrothed of our ſouls.

I took my ſeat on the ſide of the marquis's bed, and looking fondly upon him, would have enquired of his health, but my ſpeech for the time was overpowered by my affections. Then, taking my hand in his, the power of this hand, ſays he, I have found to be great; but has your heart the power to pardon the inſults and outrage you have received in the houſe of him who is ſo deeply your debtor? My lord, ſaid I, I have already drank largely of Lethe on that head; nothing but my diffidence of your regard can offend me.

You know not, ſaid my lady, you know not yet, my dear Harry, how this provoking buſineſs came about. I will explain it in a few words.

On our return to Paris, and on our remonſtrances to my late lord of the ineſtimable ſervices you had rendered to his family, he enquired your character among the Engliſh; and notwithſtanding the report of the nobility of your birth, and your yet nobler qualities, hearing alſo that you had acquired part of your fortune in trade, he conceived an utter

contempt for you, and took an utter averſion to you.

Some time after, as he took notice that Louiſa and I wanted our watch and our ring, I dreaded his diſpleaſure, and gave him room to think that the robbers had taken them from us in Flanders; and this report became current among our domeſtics.

In the meantime, my lord became importunate with our Louiſa, reſpecting her marriage with the prince of C—— who was then with the army; and her prayers and tears, hitherto, had been the only artillery which ſhe had uſed in her defence. But, when the couriers brought word that the prince was on his return, my lord ſent for Louiſa, and gave her inſtant and abſolute orders to prepare for her nuptials. But ſhe, full as poſitively and peremptorily replied, that her ſoul was already wedded; that ſhe would never proſtitute her body where her heart was an alien; and that all the tortures of the inquiſition ſhould not change her reſolution. Her father, thereupon, roſe to ſuch ungovernable fury, that with one blow of his hand, he ſtruck her ſenſeleſs to his feet. But when he ſaw my lamb, my darling, all pale and as dead before him, the tide of nature returned; and the conflict of his paſſions became ſo violent, that an impoſthume broke in his ſtomach,

mach, and falling, he was ſuffocated, and expired on the ſpot.

Soon after, the prince arrived. He had never ſeen my daughter; but his ambition to poſſeſs a beauty, of whom the grand monarch himſelf was ſaid to have been enamoured, had cauſed him to demand her in marriage. For that purpoſe he alſo did us the honour of a viſit. Louiſa refuſed to appear; and I told his highneſs, with the beſt grace I could, that ſhe happened to be pre-engaged. In a few days after, he met my ſon on the Thuilleries, and accoſted him to the ſame intent; but my ſon had been previouſly prejudiced in your favour, my Hurry, and anſwered the prince with ſo cold or ſo haughty an air, that further words enſued, they both drew, and his highneſs was ſlightly wounded; but as company interpoſed, the affair was huſhed up, and ſhortly after, the prince was killed in a nightly broil upon the Pont-neuf. We then wrote to our friend De Wit to advertiſe you of theſe matters, and to haſten you hither; but you arrived, my child, you arrived before there could be any expectation of an anſwer.

Two days ago, as I obſerved that my lamb's ſpirits were ſomething dejected, I prevailed upon her to take an airing to our country villa. On our return this morning, we were ſtruck half dead with the news that our Lewis was wounded and dangerouſly ill in his bed.

We flew into his room, and were ſtill more alarmed to find him in a fury that is not to be imagined, while Jacome, his old ſteward, was on his knees, all pale and quaking, at a diſtance before him. Villain, he cried, what have you done with my friend? what have you done with my champion, the preſerver of my life?——— Pleaſe your lordſhip, ſaid he trembling, I took him for a highwayman; I ſaw my lady's ring and my young miſtreſs's watch in his cuſtody; I will ſwear to the property before the parliament of Paris, and ſo I lodged him in priſon———till———till———

Go wretch, cried my ſon, recal your information; take all your fellows with you, and inſtantly bring me back my friend, or your ears ſhall be the forfeit; but conduct him to his own chamber; I cannot yet bear to ſee him, I cannot bear the reproach that his eye muſt caſt upon me.

All afflicted, and yet more aſtoniſhed, my Louiſa and I ſat down by the ſide of my ſon, caſting looks of ſurpriſe and enquiring doubt on each other. At length I ſaid, What is this that I hear of our ring, and our watch? Alas, he is no highwayman who took them from us; they were our own free gift, a mite in return for a million of ſervices. But do you know any thing of the poſſeſſor? I know, anſwered Lewis, that he is the loveliеſt of mankind,

the preſerver of my life, and that his name is Goodall. Ah! ſcreamed out Louiſa, there we are loſt again; this Goodall muſt certainly have murdered our precious Clinton, and poſſeſſed himſelf of our gifts; he would never have parted with them, while he had life. O my ſiſter, ſaid my ſon, when you ſee my friend Goodall, you will think nothing of your Harry Clinton! Why, why were you ſo haſty, ſo precipitate in your choice? A robber, a murderer! No—had I a thouſand lives, I would pawn them all for the probity that heaven has made apparent in the face of my preſerver.

It is with ſhame and great reluctance, my deareſt brother, that, at times, I recite paſſages tending ſo much to my own praiſe; and yet, did I omit them, I ſhould do great injuſtice to the kind and amiable partiality of thoſe who were ſo fondly my lovers and my beloved.

But, madam, ſaid I to the marchioneſs, did you not hint ſomething of his majeſty's being enamoured of my Louiſa? Ah, ſuch a rival would be a terrible buſineſs indeed, eſpecially in a country of unlimited power.

There is no fear of that now, ſaid my lady. The king has changed his fancy, from young miſtreſſes and old counſellors, to young counſellors and old miſtreſſes. But what I mentioned was once very ſerious and alarming.

My Louiſa was ſcarce turned of fourteen, when the ducheſs de Choiſeul requeſted her

company to Marlay, where the court then was. The king fixed his eye on her, and enquired who she was; but took no further notice at that time. Missing her, however, at the next, and again at the following drawing-room, he asked the marquis what became of his fair daughter? said he had a place in his eye for her; and desired, in an accent of authority, that he would send her to court.

The marquis instantly took the alarm. He was ever jealous of his honour, and singularly nice in matters of female reputation. He gave his majesty a sort of equivocal consent; and hurrying home, ordered me directly to prepare for carrying my daughter out of the French dominions. The night was employed in hastening and packing. We disguised our Louisa in the manner as you saw her metamorphosed at Rotterdam, and set off for Holland before day. The rest you know, my Clinton, as you were the principal mover in all our concerns. But tell me, my Lewis, can you conjecture on what account those assassins set upon you?—I declare, madam, said the marquis, I cannot; perhaps they mistook me for another; or, now I recollect, it might be owing to some familiar chat which I had the other night with a pretty opera girl, who is said to be in the keeping of a very great man. But madam, you forgot to tell my brother how my father was banished, on account of

Louisa,

Louisa, to his paternal seat in Languedoc, on the borders of the Mediterranean. Very true, said the marchioness, and was not recalled till Madam Maintenon was taken into supreme favour.

But, I wonder what is become of our faithful Gerard; I thought that he would have been the first to come, and to throw himself at the feet of his hero. Indeed, my Harry, he would have tired any, who loved you less, with his praises and perpetual talking of you and your exploits ——O here he comes —— Step in Gerard Is there any one in this company that you remember beside the family?

Gerard then advanced with a half-frantic aspect, and kneeling and grappling at my hand, seemed desirous of devouring it. God be praised, he cried, God be praised, my noble my glorious master, that I see you once again! and above all, that I have the blessing of seeing you in a place where a throne of beaten gold should be raised to your honour. O had I been here, all sorts of respects and worships, instead of indignities, should have been paid to your deservings. But I have provided for the hang-dog Jacome; I have tied him neck and heels, and tumbled him into a dark vault.

Ay, said I, but my good friend Gerard, I have not yet got my share of satisfaction upon him; pray shew me where he is. I then followed

lowed Gerard to the place where the deplorable wretch was caſt; and cutting all his cords, I led him back to the company, and warmly joined his petition for pardon and reſtoration.

As ſoon as Jacome and Gerard were withdrawn, Ah, my brother, cried the marquis, what new name ſhall we find for a man of your new character? Moreover, what ſhall we do for you? You have quite overpowered us, we ſink, we drown under the ſenſe of our obligations. We have nothing worth your acceptance, ſave this ſimple wench; and what is ſhe in compariſon of what we owe you? Ah, I cried, ſhe is that without whom all things are nothing; ſhe is the living treaſure, the Rachel of Rachels; ſeventy times ſeven years were too ſhort a ſervice for her! I would not exchange this little pearly joint of this very little finger for all the gems that grow in the mines of India; and ſo ſaying, I preſſed the precious finger with my lips; while Louiſa turned upon me an eye of ſuch ineffable ſatisfaction and melting acknowledgment, as ſunk upon my ſoul, and wrapt it in Elyſium.

Ay but, my Harry, ſaid the marquis, you ought not to prize your Louy as much as me; ſhe did not fall in love with you at firſt ſight as I did. How did you know that, honeſt friend, cried Louiſa? Is there a neceſſity that our

our tongues as well as our bluſhes ſhould be tell tales? Are maidens to trumpet forth their thoughts, like you broad-fronted men, whoſe ornament is your boldfacedneſs.

Thus happy, above all ſtiled happy upon earth, we joyed and lived in each other, continuing a mutual commerce of delightful ſenſibilities and love for love.

Alas, our bliſsful Junto was ſoon to be broken in upon. In a few days, one of the royal pages came and intimated to the marchioneſs, that his majeſty required her immediate preſence at court. And we remained in a kind of fearful and fluctuating ſuſpence, till her return.

As ſhe entered, the conſternation in her countenance inſtantly ſtruck an alarm to all our hearts. O, my children, my dear, my dear children, we muſt part, ſhe cried, and that too, ſpeedily. Our hour of bliſs is paſt; our ſunſhine is over; and the clouds gather thick upon us, heavy laden with wretchedneſs. Alas, my heart miſgave me ever ſince that inauſpicious encounter the other morning. As we came from our villa a great funeral met us (a bad omen as I have heard) our carriage ſtopped to let them paſs, and the carriage of the duke of Ne——rs drove up beſide us. As we remained within a few paces of each other, he gazed at Louiſa with ſuch an unmannered intenſeneſs, as cauſed

ſed her to colour and turn aſide. However, he accoſted us not, nor enquired concerning us; it ſeems our arms and livery were too ſure an indication of our name and quality. In ſhort, on my approaching the preſence, the king affected to ſmile very graciouſly upon me, and ſaid, I have provided, madam, a noble and princely huſband for your daughter; it is the duke of Ne——rs. Ah, I cried, bending my knee in a ſupplicating poſture, my daughter is already engaged by bands of the moſt endearing and indiſſoluble obligations, to a man who has preſerved the lives and honours of all our family; to a man who, I truſt, by his eminent courage and qualities, will become the brighteſt jewel in your majeſty's crown. Madam, ſaid he ſeverely, you muſt withdraw your election. I find I have ordered matters ſuperior to your merits; but my will is the law here, and ſhall be obeyed. I roſe dejectedly, curtiſied, and withdrew without reply.

Ah, I exclaimed, on what ſummit does this rival hold his abode? I will inſtantly go and ſcale it, and at once put an end to his life and his pretenſions! My lady then, throwing her arms about my neck, and preſſing her lips to my cheek, What romance, ſays ſhe, is this, my Harry? would you at once fight the duke and the king, and the whole army of France? No, my child, prudence reduces us to more

ſalutary,

ſalutary, however deplorable meaſures. We muſt part, my Harry, we muſt part this very night, and my Louiſa muſt depart with you. My chaplain ſhall, this minute, unite you by ties that death alone can ſunder. Alas, my precious babes, I little expected that your nuptials ſhould be celebrated by tears and wailings! But, better theſe than no nuptials. When you are once joined, I ſhall care little for myſelf. And if we meet no more here, we may yet meet hereafter, as happily as the barbarians who tear us aſunder.

The chaplain was then ſummoned, and having performed his office, no congratulations nor ſalutations enſued, ſave a kiſs and a ſigh of mine on the hand of my angel. The marquis then called me, and drawing me down to him, he preſſed me ardently to his boſom, cried, O my Harry, O my Harry! burſt into tears, and diſmiſſed me.

Meanwhile, all was in buſtle and hurry throughout the palace. No feſtival was prepared, no bridal bed laid. Horſes, arms, and carriages, were all the cry; and the marchioneſs, with an anguiſhing heart, but amazing reſolution, iſſued her orders with a preſence of mind that ſeemed ſerene in the midſt of tempeſt.

I then ſent for my brave fellows, with orders to double their arms, and to double their ammunition. They came accordingly. It was

now

now within three hours of day. All was dispatched, all in readineſs, the carriages were at the gate. Silence ſat on every tongue, and a tear on every cheek. I threw myſelf at my mother's feet, I claſped, I clung to them; ſhe wept aloud over me, but neither of us uttered a word. When, rending myſelf away, I took my ſobbing Louiſa under my arm, ſeated her gently in her chariot, placed myſelf to ſupport her, and away we drove.

When we got clear of the town, and were ſpeeding on the way, my Louiſa ſtarted and cried out, O how faſt, how very faſt they take me from you, my mamma! Whither, whither do they carry me, perhaps never to return, never to meet again! I anſwered not, but kiſſed her head, and drew her gently to me, and ſhe ſeemed more at eaſe. But, after a while, I felt her agitation at my boſom, and ſhe exclaimed, From my birth to this hour of woe, my bleſſed mamma, never was I from thoſe dear arms of yours! ſhall I ever, ſhall I ever again behold thoſe eyes that uſed to look with ſuch fondneſs upon me?

Here, I could no longer contain, but taking her hands between mine, and weeping upon them, I ſaid, Will you then, my angel, are you reſolved upon breaking the heart of your Harry? O no, ſays ſhe, no, not for worlds upon worlds would I break that dear and feeling heart, the heart of my heart, the heart of which

which I became enamoured. She then leaned her head fondly over, and, in a while, fell faſt aſleep; while my arms gently encircled and my ſoul hovered over her, as the wings of a turtle over her new begotten.

When ſhe awoke, and found herſelf ſo endearingly ſituated, ſhe gave me a look that overvalued the ranſom of a monarch, ſhe kiſſed my hands, in turns, ſhe kiſſed the ſkirts of my garments. O, ſhe cried, I will endeavour, I will do my beſt to be more compoſed. I know I ought not to repine I am too rich, too happy. I ought to wiſh for nothing more, I ought to wiſh for no one more; ſince my Harry is ſo near me, ſince I have him to myſelf.——But——but——And here her lovely lips began again to work; and the drops that trembled in her living brilliants could hardly be reſtrained from breaking priſon.—Soon after, the grief of her heart overweighed her ſpirits, and ſhe fell again aſleep into my arms, that opened of themſelves to receive her.

On ſetting up for the night, I rejoiced to find that my Louiſa was ſomething more alive; and that her repoſe on the way had greatly deducted from the fatigue that I apprehended.

When we had eaten a bit of ſupper, ſhe looked to me and from me, with downcaſt lids; and with changing looks and a faultering accent, began to ſay, Will you, will you

permit me, my love, to be regent for a little time, and in a very trifling matter? Allow me only to be governeſs for a few days, and I promiſe that you ſhall be my ſupreme lord and ſweet maſter all the reſt of my life.

I ſwear, ſaid I in a tranſport, by that precious head, that you are already queen-regent of all my thoughts and actions; and that, during my exiſtence, you ſhall diſpoſe of all that I have and all that I am, at pleaſure.

O then, ſaid ſhe, my Harry, we muſt lie apart for ſome nights. I would not have our chaſte and bleſſed bridal ſtained by tears and dirges. Nay, no heſitation; you have ſworn that I am ruler, and I will be obeyed.

I then caſt myſelf at her knees, and hiding my face in her lap, Cruel, cruel Louiſa, I cried, I find you are not yet mine. What ſhall I do to earn you? But I will be patient, if poſſible; I would not, for the world, put the colour of conſtraint on the love of my beloved. And ſo I kiſſed her gown, in token of due homage.

Ariſing, I called her maids, and deſired that they would order their miſtreſs's chamber to be prepared, as alſo a bed for themſelves in the ſame apartment. I then ſecretly ordered, that a pallet ſhould be ſpread for myſelf before her outer door; and laying myſelf down, with my arms at my ſide, I guarded, like the

dragon

dragon of old, the precious fruit of my Hyſperia.

At length we reached Calais, and immediately ſent to the beach to engage a ſhip for waſting us over to the land of freedom and rights, but the wind was contrary.

Meanwhile the day advanced toward evening, and my Louiſa and I ſat together in the arbour of a little pleaſure garden that lay behind the houſe, when James came haſtening to us and cried, Hide yourſelf, madam, for heaven's ſake hide yourſelf! here is the Duke de Ne——rs, with a large party of the king's light horſe.

Poor Louiſa ſtarted up and attempted to fly; but ſhe trembled and grew faint, and ſunk down again on her ſeat.

James, ſaid I, ſtay and take care of your miſtreſs. Then turning with haſty ſteps to the houſe, I recommended my ſpirit in a ſhort ejaculation, and entered, determined that the duke ſhould accompany me in death. His highneſs was in the parlour. I advanced fiercely toward him. So, Sir, ſays he, you have coſt us a warm chaſe——Heavens, what do I ſee!——and ſo crying out, he threw himſelf back into an arm-chair, all panting, and his aſpect working with diſtraction and diſappointment.——Curſed chance! he again exclaimed, are you the man, Clinton?——Ah, I muſt not hurt you, I ought not to injure you;

you; but what is then to be done?——Where have you put my Louisa?——But no matter; let her not appear, let me not see her. I could not answer the consequence.——I would be just if I could, Clinton—O love, O honour, how you do distract me!——You refused my treasures and jewels, Clinton; but then you have rent from me a gem more estimable than my dukedom.——Help saints, help angels, help me to wrestle with myself!——Honour, virtue, gratitude, O, compel me to be just! —Tear, tear me away, while there's strength to depart!——Adieu, Clinton, you are recompensed: should we happen to meet again, I may assail you without reproach. And so saying, he rose suddenly, and rushed out of the house.

I then hastened to seek my love, but had scarce entered the garden, when I saw James on his knees before her, endeavouring to oppose her way to the house. But she cried, Away, villain, let me pass, they are murdering my lord, they are murdering my husband, I will go and perish with him: then breaking away from him, she shot along like a lapwing, till, seeing me advancing, she sprung upon my bosom, crying, O my Harry, O my Harry, are you safe, are you safe? and fainted away in my arms.

The rest of my story, my Lord, is no way material or entertaining. The serene of heart-

felt happineſs has little of adventure in it, and is only intereſting to the poſſeſſors.

Having ſettled my affairs in London, and carrying my Edea along with me, I paſſed into Holland to ſettle and be quit of matters there alſo. For the world that I wiſhed was in my holding, and all things elſe appeared either nugatory or encumbering.

It was there that I met our Meekly; and taking a pleaſant tour through the ſkirts of Germany, we entered France, and leaving Paris on the right hand, we reached the marquis's country-ſeat, ſituate near twenty leagues beyond the metropolis.

What a meeting! what an interview! My Louiſa ſunk into tears, for half an hour, on the boſom of her mother. And the marquis would put me from him and pull me to him again, all panting with tranſport, and inſatiate of his careſſes. It was too much of joy, it was pleaſure to paining. The domeſtics would no longer be reſtrained from their ſhare of the felicity; they ruſhed in, and as though we had been new deſcended divinities, they dropped on their knees, they fell proſtrate, and clung about us, kiſſed our feet, our hands, our garments, and broke forth into cries, as though it had been the houſe of mourning and lamentation.

On retiring, they got my Louiſa's Gerard to themſelves; he now became a man of

mighty importance among them. They crowded about him, and in a joint voice, but a diſtraction of queſtions, enquired after our travels, our adventures, our good and evil occurrences, and all that concerned us.

The marchioneſs then coming, and caſting her honoured arms around me, and weeping upon me, cried aloud, O Harry, my ſon, my ſon, I delivered my daughter to you, even as Edna committed her Sarah, of ſpecial truſt, to Tobias, and I ſee that you have entreated her very kindly, my ſon, my ſon!

As my Louiſa now began to be apparently pregnant, I earneſtly preſſed my precious mother and brother to accompany us to England, the place where law was regent; where there was no apprehenſion of inquiſitions or baſtiles; and where the peaſant was guarded, as with a bulwark of adamant, againſt every encroachment of arbitrary power. They aſſented with joy; and the marquis going to his eſcritoir, brought forth bills to the amount of ten millions of livres, the produce of ſome concerns which he had diſpoſed of for the purpoſe. Here, my brother, ſays he, if I am not able to be grateful, if I am not able to be generous, I will at leaſt be juſt; here is the patrimony to which my lovely ſiſter is entitled. But I ſaid to the marquis, my Louiſa can admit of no acceſſion of value. Keep your goods to yourſelf. Remember how Eſau ſaid to

to Jacob, I have enough, enough, my brother; theſe things can add nothing to the abundance of my bleſſings. But then, he cried, you muſt accept them, as a token of our loves; and ſo he conſtrained and impelled them upon me.

Soon after, we paſſed to London, where we continued ſome months, and where my Louiſa was delivered of my little Eloiſa, who was ſaid to be the beautiful likeneſs of her father.

We then retired to my ſeat near Stratford, on the fatal Avon, the chief of the landed poſſeſſions that Mr Golding had bequeathed me; where we remained ſomething upward of five years, happy, I think, above all that ever were happy upon earth. For my Louiſa was perpetual feſtivity to our ſight and to our hearts; her eyes beamed with living and ſentimental glory; her attitudes were grace, her movements were muſic, and her ſmiles were faſcination. Still varying, yet exhibiting the ſame delight, like the northern Aurora ſhe ſhone in all directions: and ſhe ſported as though ſhe had gone to heaven, from time to time, and borrowed all her plays from the kingdom of little children.

But ſhe needed not to go to heaven, ſince heaven was ever in her and round about her, and that ſhe could no more move from it than ſhe could move from herſelf. She had been, from her earlieſt years, the beloved diſciple of

of the celebrated madam Guion; and the world, with all its concerns, its riches and reſpects, had fallen off from her, as the cloak fell away from the burning chariot of Elijah. She looked at nothing but her Lord in all things, ſhe loved nothing but him in any thing. She was the ſweeteſt playfellow that ever lived for the babe of the manger of Bethlehem; and he was, in her heart, a pleaſure paſſing ſenſe, as well as a peace that paſſed underſtanding. Even in conjugal endearment, her manner refined and chaſtened the ſenſe of poſſeſſion, and her pudicity awed me in the midſt of tranſport.

Our friends now prevailed upon us to accompany them, in our turn, to France; together with our prattling Eloiſa, who was become the darling and inſeparable companion of her grandmother and her uncle. We again took London in our way. I there renewed, for a while, my old acquaintance with my fellows in trade, and they perſuaded me to join them in a petition to his majeſty for the reſtoration of ſome of the lapſed rights of their corporation, as your lordſhip may remember.

From Calais we turned, and by long but pleaſant journies, at length arrived at the marquis's paternal ſeat at Languedoc, that opened a delightful proſpect on the Mediterranean. And here we continued upwards of five years more,

more, even as Adam continued in paradiſe, compaſſed in, by bliſs, from the reſt of the world.

During this happy period, I often preſſed my dear marquis to marry; but he would take me to his arms and ſay, O my Harry, ſhew me but the moſt diſtant reſemblance of our Louiſa, and I will marry and be bleſſed without delay.

In the meanwhile, my angel made me the joyful father of a little ſon, who was alſo ſaid to be the happier reſemblance of his happy father. Then, though I had long diſregarded the world, and all its concerns, as I ſaw a family increaſing upon me, and alſo conſidered the poor as my appointed and ſpecial creditors; I reſolved once more to return and ſettle my long-ſuſpended accounts.

As for the marchioneſs, ſhe proteſted that ſhe could not think of parting with her little Eloiſa, and that ſhe ſhould not be able to ſurvive her abſence ten days. So my Louiſa and I, and my little Richard, who was named after you, my lord, ſet out by ſea, and after a favourable voyage, arrived in England; comforted however with the promiſe that our friends would join us as ſoon as poſſible in Britain.

Within the ten ſubſequent months, we received the joyful tidings that our brother was married to the third daughter of the duke of Alenſon,

Alenſon, that they were all in the higheſt triumph, and would ſpeedily be with us in a joint jubilate on the banks of the Avon.

Soon after, as my Louiſa and I rode along the river, pleaſing ourſelves with the proſpect of a ſpeedy union with perſons ſo dear to us, and talking and laughing away at the cares of the covetous, and the ambition of the high-minded, a fowler inadvertently fired a ſhot behind us; and my horſe, bounding aloft, plunged with me into the current, from whence however I was taken, and unwillingly reſerved to years of inexpreſſible miſery, of a miſery that admitted not of a drop of conſolation.

Meanwhile my love had fallen, with a ſhriek, from her horſe, and lay ſenſeleſs on the ſod. Some of my people flew back, and bringing a carriage conveyed us gently home, where my Louiſa was undreſſed and put into a bed, from whence ſhe never roſe. Her fright had given ſuch a ſhock to her blood and ſpirits as threw her into a violent fever.

On the ſecond day, while I ſat with the phyſicians by her ſide, James put in his head and beckoned me forth. Ah, my deareſt maſter, ſays he, I pray God to give you the ſtrength and patience of Job; you have great need of them, for your calamities, like his, come all in a heap upon you. Here is a meſſenger diſpatched from France with very heavy

heavy tidings, that my ſweet young lady, your darling Eloiſa, was caſt away in a ſloop, upon a party of pleaſure, and that the good old marchioneſs did not outlive her five days. Then lifting my eyes to heaven, Strip, ſtrip me, my God, I cried, to the ſkin, to the bone; leave, leave but my Louiſa, and I will bleſs thy diſpenſations!

On the next day, my little Dickey was taken ill of a ſevere cold that he caught, thro' want of due attention during the ſickneſs of his mother. As he was of a florid complexion, his diſorder fell ſuddenly in an inflammation on his lungs, and in leſs than twenty-four hours, he went to join his little brother and ſiſters in their eternity. Did I not feel theſe loſſes? Yes, yes, my friends; they wrung, they rent my vitals: yet I ſtill lifted my heart in an eager prayer, and repeatedly cried, Take, take all, even the laſt mite; leave, leave me but my Louiſa, and I will bleſs thee, O my Creator.

Alas, what could this avail! Can an inſect arreſt the motion whereby the round univerſe continues its courſe? On the fifth day I perceived that the eyes of my Louiſa, the lamps of my life, began to loſe their luſtre. The breath that was the balm of all my cares and concerns grew difficult and ſhort. The roſes of my ſummer died away on her cheek. All agonizing, I felt and participated her changes; and

and ſhe expired, while I dropt and lay ſenſeleſs beſide her.

I knew not what our people did with her or me afterwards. For three weeks I lay in a kind of doſing but uneaſy ſtupor; neither do I recollect, during that period, when or whether I received any kind of ſuſtenance.

At length I awoke to the poignancy and bitterneſs of my ſituation. I did not awake to life, but rather to the blackeſt gloom of the regions of death: and yet it was from this depth and enfolding of death alone, that my ſoul could find, or would accept an alleviation of its anguiſh.

O earth, I cried, where is thy centre? how deeply am I ſunk beneath it! How are the worms exalted over me! How much higher are the noxious reptiles that crawl upon earth! I will not accuſe thee, thou great Diſpoſer; I have had my day, the ſweeteſt that ever was allotted to man! but O, thy paſt bleſſings ſerve only to enhance my preſent miſeries, and to render me the moſt accurſed of all thy creatures!

I then roſe, and threw myſelf along the floor; and my faithful and valiant companions immediately gathered to me. But finding that I would not be removed, they caſt themſelves around me.

All light was ſhut out, ſave the glimmering of a taper; and for ſeven nights and ſeven days

days we dwelt in ſilence, except the ſolemn interruptions of ſmothered ſobs and wailings.

At length my ſpirit reproved me. What property, ſaid I to myſelf, have theſe people in my ſufferings, or why ſhould I burden thoſe who love me with my afflictions? I then conſtrained myſelf and went and took out a drawer. Here my friends, I ſaid, here is ſomething that may help hereafter to dry up your tears. Divide theſe thouſands among you; neither theſe counters nor your ſervices are now of further uſe. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my worthy and beloved brothers! God will give you a more gracious maſter, but—but——ſuch another miſtreſs ye never——never will find! I then took each of them to my arms, and kiſſed them, in turns, and the houſe was inſtantly filled with heart tearing lamentations.

I now expected and wiſhed to be left wholly alone; but James and two domeſtics remained againſt my will. I then endeavoured to ſeem eaſy, I even ſtruggled to appear chearful, that I might communicate the leſs of grief to the voluntary ſharers in my miſery. O world, world, I ſaid to myſelf, thou once pleaſant world, we have now bid a long and eternal adieu to each other! From thee I am cut aſunder, thou art annihilated to me, and

we mutually reject every kind of future commerce.

Ah, how much deeper was my death than that of thoſe in the tomb, "where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt!" While I was dead to every reliſh of light and of life, I was wholly alive to all the gloom and horrors of the grave. The rays of the ſun became an offence to my ſoul; the verdure of the fields, the whole bloom of nature was blaſted and blaſting to my ſight; and I wiſhed to ſink yet deeper, and to dig a lower bottom to myſelf of darkneſs and diſtreſs.

I no longer regarded what the world thought of me, or what it did to me; and I left my hairs and my nails, even as thoſe of Nebuchadnezzar, to grow like eagle's feathers and birds claws.

My friend James, in the meantime, took a place for me in this town, in order to remove me from ſcenes that could only ſerve to perpetuate or aggravate my miſery, by reminding me of the bleſſedneſs that I had once enjoyed.

He was now become my controuler. I was patient and paſſive to any thing, to every thing; and ſo he conducted me hither, I neither knew nor cared how.

In all this time, though I panted after a ſtate of inſenſibility, even as a traveller in the

the burning deſart thirſts after a cool and ſlaking ſtream, I never attempted to lay a violating hand on the work of my Creator. I did not even wiſh an alleviation of my miſery, ſince my God had appointed that I ſhould be ſo very miſerable.

At length my ſpirit roſe from its blackneſs to a kind of calm twilight. I called for a Bible, and ſince this world was incapable of a drop of conſolation, I wiſhed to know if the next had any in ſtore.

As I read, the whole of the letter and of the facts contained therein, appeared as ſo many ſeals and veils that removed from before my eyes, and diſcovered depths under depths, and heavens above heavens, to my amazed apprehenſion. I had no viſion, no revelation of theſe matters; but the conviction was impreſſed as ſtrongly on my ſoul, as though an angel of God himſelf had revealed them to me.

How this came to paſs I know not. Homer gives to his heroes a ſight into futurity, at the time that their ſpirits are breaking away from the ſhackles of fleſh and blood: and it is not unlikely that the eye of the ſoul, when wholly turned from all carnal and earthly objects, can penetrate with the greater ſcope and clarity into concerns that are merely celeſtial and divine.

I have now told you the whole of my dreary

hiſtory, my friends, till I met with our Harry; and the reſt our Harry can tell.

But Harry was in no manner of vein at preſent, for entertaining or receiving entertainment from any one. His eyes were ſwelled with weeping, his ſpirits totally depreſſed, and getting up, as with the burden of fourſcore years on his ſhoulders, he retired ſlowly and ſilently to his apartment.

On an evening, after coffee, as the earl ſtood fondly fooling with his Harry, as one child with another, he turned to Mr Clinton, and ſaid, How came it to paſs, my brother, that Jeſus ſuffered near four thouſand years to elapſe before he became incarnate for the ſalvation of the world, although it was by him alone that the world could be ſaved?

We may as well demand of God, ſaid Mr Clinton, why he ſuffered near four days of creation to lapſe before he compacted you glorious body of far-beaming light. For this matter was barely a type, and the ſun himſelf but a ſhadow of the Chriſt that was to come. But did the world want light before light became incorporated in its illuſtrious circumſcription? No, my lord. Jeſus, who was from eternity the illumination of the dark immenſity of nature; Jeſus, who alone is the living light of ſpirit, ſoul, and ſentiment, the perpetual fountain of the ſtreams of beauty and truth, he ſaid, Let there be light! and inſtantly,

ſtantly, thro' the darkneſs of a ruined world, the internity of his ever-living light kindled up an externity of corporal irradiation, that has its effluence from him, and cannot beam but by him.

Now as a day is as a thouſand years, and a thouſand years as a day, in the ſight of God; you ſee that the fourth day of creation, wherein the light of this outward world was compacted into the glorious body of the ſun, preciſely anſwers to the four thouſandth year, wherein Jeſus, the light of eternity, was to become embodied and incarnate in Chriſt the Sun of righteouſneſs.

But as the world wanted not light before the ſun opened his firſt morning in the eaſt; neither did it want the means of ſalvation before the bleſſed doctrine of Meſſiah was promulged upon earth!

All ſorts of ſectarians, all perſons of ſelfiſh and little minds, would make a monopoly of the Saviour; they would ſhut him up into a conventicle, and ſay to their God, "Thus "far ſhalt thou go, and no farther." But he is not ſo to be confined. The ſpirit of our Jeſus bloweth wide and where he liſteth; and he is at once both the purifier and redeemer, as well of all nations, as alſo of all nature.

Accordingly we ſee that the Turks, who are wholly unbleſſed by true religion or liberty; who live the ſlaves of ſlaves, without

a form of civil government, temporally subjected to the will of a tyrant, and ſpiritually to the worſhip of a ſenſual impoſtor; yet want not the feelings of our Jeſus in their heart.

Even the wild Indians who never liſtened to the toll of a bell, nor ever were called to any court of civil judicature; theſe want not their attachments, their friendſhips, their family feelings, nor the ſweet compunctions and emotions of the human heart, by Jeſus forming it to Divine.

The truth is, that people live incomparably more by impulſe and inclination, than by reaſon and precept. Reaſon and precept are not always within our beck; to have their due influence, they require frequent inculcation and frequent recollection: but impulſe and inclination are more than at hand; they are within us, and from the citadel, rule the outworks of man at pleaſure.

When the apoſtle, ſpeaking of Chriſt, affirms, that "there is no other name under "heaven whereby a man may be ſaved;" and again, when he affirms that "thoſe who have "not received the law, are a law unto them-"ſelves;" he intends one and the ſame thing. He intends that Chriſt, from the fall of man, is a principle of redemption in the boſoms of all living; that he is not an outward but an inward Redeemer, working out our ſalvation by

by "the change of our depraved nature;" that in and from him alone arife all the fentiments and fenfibilities, that warm the heart with love, that expand it with honour, that wring it with compunction, or that heave it with the ftory of diftant diftrefs; and that he alone can be qualified to be judge at the laft day, who, from the firft day to the laft, was internally a co operator and witnefs of all that ever paffed within the bofoms of all men.

Hence it is, that although the Chriftian countries have received the two tables of the laws of Chrift, his external as well as internal revelation, each witneffing to the other that the God of our gofpel is the God of our nature; the nations however, who are ftrangers to his name, yet acknowledge his influence; they do not indeed hear, but they feel the precepts of "that light, which lighteth "every man who cometh into the world."

My deareft brother, faid the earl, my conceptions are quite clear with refpect to the omnipreſence of Chrift's divinity: but as his body is circumfcribed by external features and lineaments, I can form no notion of its being in feveral places at once: how then will it be, I pray you, at and after the laft day? Will he be prefent to, and approachable only by a felect number of his faints; or will he go certain journeys and circuits through the

the heavens, bleſſing all in rotation, with his beatific preſence?

Is not the body of yonder ſun circumſcribed, my lord? Moſt certainly. It is now, ſaid Mr Clinton, at a diſtance of many millions of leagues from you; and yet you ſee it as evidently, and feel its influence as powerfully, as if it were within your reach. Nay it is more than within your reach, it is within your exiſtence: it ſupplies comfort and life to your animal body and life; and you could not ſurvive an hour without its influence and operations.

Now this is no other than the apt type and prefiguring promiſe of what Chriſt will be to his new-begotten in the reſurrection, "when "corruption ſhall be ſwallowed up of glory, "and mortal of immortality." The ſame bleſſed body which, for the redemption of commiſerated ſinners, went thro' the ſhameful and bloody proceſs of ſcourges, thorns, ſpittings, and buffetings; which hung ſix agonizing hours on the croſs; which deſcended into the grave, and thence opened the way through death into life, and through time into eternity; even this body ſhall then ſhine forth in ineffable beauty and beatitude, in eſſentially communicative grace and glory, through the height and through the depth, through the length and through the breadth,

beaming

beaming wide beyond the univerſe, from infinity to infinity!

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will then become co-embodied in this divine body; they will be the repletion of it, they will operate all things by it. To bring the Creator nearer to his creatures, the inviſible Godhead will then become viſible, the infinite circumſcribed, the unapproachable acceſſible, and the incomprehenſible comprehended, within the humanity of our Chriſt.

Then will his croſs be exalted, for an enſign to the circling, bending, and worſhipping univerſe; his wreath of thorns will kindle all nature with the dartings and caſtings forth of its corruſcations; and his reed of mockery will become the ſceptre of unlimited domination!

From his five wounds ſhall be poured forth inceſſant floods of glory and wide-diffuſing bleſſedneſs upon all his redeemed: adoring worlds, in ſelf-abjection, ſhall ſtrive to ſink beneath the abjection that became their ſalvation: theſe ever-apparent enſigns of ſo dearly-purchaſed benefits, ſhall inevitably attract the wills of all creatures; they ſhall cauſe all hearts and affections to ruſh and cleave to him, as ſteel-duſt ruſhes to adamant, and as ſpokes ſtick in the nave whereon they are centered. There ſhall be no lapſe thenceforward, no falling away, for ever; but God in his

his Chriſt, and Chriſt in his redeemed, ſhall be a will and a wiſdom, and an action and a mightineſs, and a goodneſs and a graciouſneſs, and a glory riſing on glory, and a bleſſing riſing on bleſſedneſs, through an ever-beginning to a never-ending eternity.

O brother, brother, brother! exclaimed the earl, I am enraptured, I am entranced! ——I ſee it all, I feel it all. I am already, with all my corruptions, with all my tranſgreſſions, deſirous of being cruſhed to nothing under the foot of my Redeemer. But he comforts inſtead of cruſhing me. O that I were this night, this very moment to be diſſolved, and to be with my Chriſt!

That night, the earl was quite happy, and pleaſant, and affectionate, even beyond his cuſtom. He ſaid and did every thing that could be endearing to his Harry, and to his friends. He careſſed them at parting for bed. He ſmilingly ſhook hands with all the domeſtics that approached him; and in the morning was found dead, without any notice or warning to the ſervants who attended and lay in the room.

A ſudden and grievous alarm was inſtantly given through the family, and quickly reached the town, and ſpread through the adjacent country.

Harry fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kiſſed him, and wept aloud, and

and kiſſed him again, crying, My father, O my father!

And they laid his remains in a plated coffin, under eſcutcheons and a ſable canopy of velvet: and the houſe and the court was circled with mourners from all parts: and they mourned for him fifty and nine days: and on the ſixtieth day, he was depoſited in the family tomb; but Mr Clinton would not permit Harry to attend the funeral of his father.

Our hero was now the maſter of millions, approaching to the prime of youth, glowing with health, action, and vigour, of beauty incomparable, beloved of all who knew him, and the attraction and admiration of every eye where he paſſed: yet all theſe advantages, with all his higher accompliſhments, became as matters of no value; they ſunk and ſickened to his ſenſe, while he felt a void in his boſom, eager after he knew not what, ſighing he knew not why; keen and craving in his deſires. yet pining and languid in the want of poſſeſſion.

What is the matter, my love, ſaid Mr Clinton? My dear brother died in a good old age. Such things ſhould be expected; we know that they muſt be; and we ought not to grieve as perſons who are without hope.

True, Sir, ſaid Harry; and yet it is a very melancholy thing for a poor man to reflect, how very rich he was a very little while ago.

I lately

I lately had a dear brother, a dear mother, and the deareſt of fathers; but where are they all now? I look round the world and ſee nothing but yourſelf therein. And—ſhould you too—ſhould you too——Here Harry could no more. His uncle alſo broke into tears, at the thoughts of parting with his darling Harry, though it were to join his Louiſa.

My Harry, ſays he at laſt, we have yet two precious treaſures left upon earth, if we did but know where to find them; it is your couſin the counteſs of Maitland, and the brother of my Louiſa the marquis D'Aubigny. Let us go in ſearch of them, my ſon. Next to my Louiſa, they are the loveliest of all living. They abound in all human and divine affections, and will careſs us with kindred and correſponding hearts.

Soon after, they ſet out for France, and by a round-about tour of ſhort but pleaſant journeys, arrived at Paris, where Mr Clinton ordered his large retinue to his ancient home, and taking only two footmen, he and Harry went in their poſt-chaiſe to the marquis's palace.

On the ringing of the bell and the opening of the gate, a ſingle domeſtic came forth. Mr Clinton perceived that all was dark in the hall, and this inſtantly gave an alarm to his ever-ready feelings.

He alighted, however, and ſtepping, with his

his Harry, up the flight of marble, Where is your maſter, ſays he, where is my brother the marquis? Heaven bleſs us, cried the fellow, are you my maſter's brother? I have heard a deal of and about your lordſhip, though I never was ſo happy as to ſee your face before. Ho! he continued, and rung another bell, come all of you! attend the brother of your lord; attend the preſent maſter and lord of your houſehold.

Immediately the palace was in commotion, the parlour and hall were lighted up, and all ſeemed to have acquired a ſet of wings to their motions.

Mr Clinton looked with eagerneſs at each of the domeſtics, endeavouring to recollect the features of ſome old acquaintance, but all the faces were ſtrange to him. Pray tell me, my friends, ſays he, where is your maſter? where and how are he and his lady? are they ſtill in good health, has he had any children by her?

Pleaſe your honour, ſaid an elderly man, my maſter's firſt lady died of child-birth, and her infant periſhed with her. But he is ſince married to one of the loveliеſt women in the world. He is gone, a year ſince, on an embaſſy into Africa; his lady would not be left behind; we lately heard from them, they are both in health; and we expect that leſs than a month will bring them ſafe to us. Indeed,

the ſum of our prayers is for their happy and ſpeedy return.

What, ſaid Mr Clinton, are there none of my old friends, not one of our ancient domeſtics to the fore?——Pleaſe your lordſhip, Jacome, the white headed ſteward is ſtill left; but though in good health, he is very little more than half alive.—Pray go and tell him, that an old friend of his is here, and would be very glad to ſee him; but dont do things ſuddenly, and be very tender and careful in bringing him to me.

Old Jacome was wheeled in, wrinkled, pale, and paralytic; and all enfeebled as he ſat reclining in an eaſy chair, he ſeemed to recover life and new ſpirits, as they brought him forward. Bring me to him, bring me to him; my eyes are wondrous dim; bring me cloſer, that I may know if it is my very maſter indeed. Bring me but once to know that it is his ſweet pardoning face, and then let me die with all my ſins upon me, I care not.

Mr Clinton then took him very lovingly by the hand, My good friend Jacome, ſays he, we are both growing old I find; I rejoice however to ſee you once more upon earth. O, cried the old man, a well known and a ſweet tuned voice is that voice; it is you then, it is you yourſelf, my maſter! Alas! for all your loſſes ſince laſt we parted! I have got a ſalt rheum in my eyes of late, and I never

never thought of you but it began to come down.

Here Jacome, ſobbing aloud, provoked the joint tears of his attending fellow-ſervants; though they had never been partakers in the foregoing calamities, farther than by the ear, whence they were now recollected and carried home to their hearts.

My lord, ſays Jacome at laſt, I am not the only one that remains of your old ſervants. Your Gerard too, who (bleſſings on his hands) once tied me neck and heels, Gerard too is forthcoming, and near at hand. Your honour's wonderful bounty made a gentleman of him at once, and he is now in a high way with a wife and three children. A hundred and a hundred times have we waſhed your remembrance with our tears. And indeed I think your honour ought not to ſend for him, leſt he ſhould ſuddenly die or run diſtracted at your ſight.

In the meantime, one of the lacqueys had officiouſly gone and informed Gerard of the arrival of his patron. He came panting, and ruſhed forward, as it were to caſt himſelf at the feet of his lord. But ſtopping ſuddenly, and drawing back ſome ſteps, he nailed his eyes, as it were, on the face of Mr Clinton, and ſpreading his hands, cried; You live then, my lord, you ſtill live, my deareſt maſter! you ſurvive all your deaths and ſufferings, and

the weight of ten mountains has not been able to crush you!—O the times, the times, my master, never more to return!——Will there be such times in heaven, think you?—will there be such angels there as we once lived with upon earth?

Here he clapped his hands together, and set up such a shout of bitter lamentation, as was enough to split the heart of every hearer, and in a manner, to split the graves of the persons whom he deplored.

As soon as Mr Clinton and his two old friends had parted for the night, Tell me, my dear Sir, said Harry, are there different kinds of grief; or is it merely that grief affects us in different manners?

When I wept for my dear father, my mother, and brother, my affliction was anguishing and altogether bitter, without any species of alleviating sensation to compensate my misery. But it was far otherwise with me tonight: when I grieved in the grief of your old and faithful domestics, I felt my heart breaking, but I was pleased that it should break; I felt that it was my happiness so to grieve; and I could wish a return of the same sweet sensations.

The reason is this, my love; when you lamented your parents, you lamented yourself in your private and personal losses; your affliction was just, it was natural, it was laudible;

dible: but ſtill it was confined; it partici-
ted but little of the emotion that is excited
by the affliction of others; and the anguiſh
was the keener, by being nearly limited to
your own boſom, and your own concerns.

But in the griefs of my old and loving ſer-
vants this night, you became wholly expand-
ed; you went beyond, you went out of your-
ſelf: you felt, without reflection, how de-
lightful it is to go forth, with your God, in
his ſocial, generous, noble, and divine ſenſi-
bilities; and you delightfully felt, my Harry,
that ſuch a houſe of mourning is more joyous
to your ſoul, than all the feſtivals that fleſh
and ſenſe can open before you.

And now, my child, I will finally, and once
for all, lay open the very horrible and deteſt-
able nature of Self in your ſoul.

Self appears to us, as the whole of our ex-
iſtence; as the ſum total of all, in which we
are intereſted or concerned. It is as a Nar-
ciſſus, ſelf-delighted, ſelf-enamoured. It de-
ſires, it craves, and claims, as its right, the
loves, attachments, and reſpects of all man-
kind. But does it acquire them, my Harry?
O never, never. Self never was beloved, ne-
ver will be beloved, never was honourable
or reſpectable in the eye of any creature. And
the characters of the patriot, the hero, the
friend, and the lover, are only ſo far amiable,

..ar reverable, as they are ſuppoſed to have gone forth from the confines of Self.

As Mr Clinton propoſed to wait the return of the marquis, he employed the mean ſeaſon in endeavours to amuſe his darling, and to diſpel the cloud of melancholy that continued to hang over him.

For this purpoſe, he went with him to Verſailles, and to the many other elegant environs of Paris. He alſo ſhewed him the Thuilleries, and other public walks, where our hero became oppreſſed by his involuntary attraction of all eyes upon him.

One night happening to go to the play, without the company of his guardian, as he came forth with the crowd, a carriage was opened for him which he took to be his own, and in he ſtepped, and away he was taken.

In the meantime, Mr Clinton waited ſupper for him, and began to grow uneaſy when the clock ſtruck twelve. At laſt his carriage and ſervants returned with tidings that they had waited for him, above an hour, at the theatre, after the play was over; and had ever ſince been in ſearch of him, to no purpoſe.

Though Mr Clinton was, by nature, of an intrepid ſpirit, and was ſtill more aſſured by his reliance on providence, he yet found himſelf agitated in a very alarming manner. He therefore retired to his cloſet, and there, on his

his knees, fervently commended his Harry to the protection of his God.

At length the clock ſtruck three. Soon after, the bell was heard from the hall; and Harry entering, with a page in a rich livery, flew light lightning up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf into the boſom of his patron.

My father, my father! he cried, I have been in ſad panics for you. I knew the love that you bore to your good fornothing Harry. But indeed I could not help it. I could not get to you till this inſtant. I have been a priſoner, Sir, and here is my dear deliverer.

As ſoon as they were ſomething compoſed, and all ſeated, Harry proceeded to ſatisfy the impatience of his uncle.

As I came out of the theatre, ruminating on a paſſage in one of Racine's tragedies, I found a chariot in the ſpot where I had left my own, and ſtepping heedleſsly into it, I was ſoon ſet down, and haſtening through the great hall, flew up ſtairs to ſalute you. But think how I was ſurpriſed, when I ſuddenly found myſelf in the moſt ſumptuous chamber, perhaps in the univerſe. It was wainſcotted with mirrors of the moſt perfect poliſh, whoſe plates were artfully buttoned and buckled together by diamonds and other gems of a moſt dazzling luſtre.

All aſtoniſhed, I recoiled, and was going to withdraw, when I was met by a lady who grace-

gracefully accoſted me. Have you commands, Sir, ſays ſhe, for any one in this houſe?——A thouſand pardons, madam, I perceive my error! I really thought I was ſet down at my own lodgings.——No great offence, Sir; but now that I look at you again, I think you ought to pay the forfeit of your intruſion, by giving me one hour of your company at leaſt.——You muſt excuſe me, madam, my guardian would be under the moſt terrifying alarms for me.——A fig for guardians, ſhe cried! you are now my priſoner; and nothing leſs than my friend Lewis, with his army at his back, ſhall be able to take you out of my hands.

So ſaying, ſhe rung a bell, and immediately a folding door of pannelled looking-glaſs flew open, and ſhewed us to another apartment; where a ſupper, compoſed of all the elegancies of the ſeaſon, was ſerved up, as by magic, and lay fuming on the table.

She then took me by the hand, and having graciouſly ſeated me, placed herſelf oppoſite. A number of ſervants then vaniſhed, on the inſtant, leaving a dumb waiter of ſilver behind them.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, we are not to have any further company. You alone were expected, you alone are deſired, all others are forbidden. In ſhort, I have ſeen you often at the public walks and theatres. You did more than ſtrike

my fancy, you laid hold on my heart. I enquired every thing about you. I know your rank, title, and fortune. I made uſe of this night's ſtratagem to decoy you to me; and though there are few women in Europe, of equal opulence or dignity, I think I cannot much demean myſelf by an alliance with a ſweet fellow whom I ſo ardently love. But come, our ſupper cools.

I gazed at her with admiration. She was indeed the moſt finiſhed beauty I ever beheld: and I was inwardly flattered, and in a manner attached to her, by her partiality in my favour.

After ſupper, and ſome futile and inſignificant chat, ſhe drew her chair nearer to me. What ſay you, my lord, ſays ſhe, fondly; am I to live, or to periſh?

Ah madam, I cried, love is as a little bird; if you cage it, it will beat itſelf to pieces againſt its priſon. Not that I regard your late threats of confinement; my own arm is at all times ſufficient to deliver me from your thraldom: but, in truth, I am partly become a willing priſoner to you; and time may, poſſibly, reconcile me to your different cuſtoms.

What cuſtoms, I pray you? Why, madam, the ladies in my country uſe no paint, except the rouge of nature's bluſh, and the paleneſs of chaſtity. Love alſo, in England, is a kind of warfare between the ſexes, juſt ſuch as

once

once happened between the Parthians and old Rome; our ladies conquer by flying, and our men are vanquiſhed while they purſue.

Perſons, Sir, of a certain rank, ſaid ſhe, are diſpenſed with from conforming to little matters of decorum. However, if you will endeavour to adopt the manners of my country, I will do my beſt, on my part, to conform to thoſe of yours.

So ſaying, ſhe looked languiſhingly at me, and drew her chair quite cloſe; when, by an involuntary motion, I put mine further back. Don't be alarmed, my lord, ſays ſhe; women of my condition know always where to ſtop. Right, madam, ſaid I; but poſſibly you might not be quite ſo ſucceſsful in teaching me where to be ſtopped.

Cold conſtitutioned boy! ſhe cried, (indignantly riſing and colouring,) your bed lies yonder; you may go to it, if you like, and ruminate till morning on the danger of ſlighting and inſulting a princeſs. So ſaying, ſhe ſwept haughtily out of the room, and locked me in.

During an hour after ſhe had withdrawn, while I walked about, conſidering what I had to apprehend from the threats of this extraordinary woman, I heard a great buſtling in and about the palace; but within another hour, all was quiet and ſtill again.

I then conceived thoughts of attempting my

y eſcape. But again, I held it beneath me be caught in the manner; and ſo I reſolved wait till morning, and then to force my paſſage rough her guards in open day.

In the mean time I imagined that a pannel the wainſcott ſtirred. And ſoon after it as removed, and my young friend here en-red my chamber on tiptoe. He beckoned e to ſilence, and taking me by the hand, he d me through the way by which he came.

We then deſcended a narrow pair of back airs, and groping along a dark entry, he autiouſly unbolted a door that opened into garden; and hurrying with me acroſs, he nlocked another door that opened to the reet, and out we got rejoicing!

Soon after, we met a party of the guards, o were patrolling the ſtreets; and putting few pieces into their hand, I requeſted eir ſafe convoy, and they conducted us ome.

My lords, ſaid Perre, (for that was the ge's name), it would be extremely dan-rous for ye to remain another day, or even morning in Paris. The princeſs is the oſt intimate friend of madam Maintenon, d through her can do what ſhe pleaſes with e king. During my reſidence with her, ſhe w tired of two handſome lovers, in ſuc-ſſion; but they told no tales; and no one n yet tell what became of them.

Mr

Mr Clinton was quite of Perre's opinion. He inſtantly ſent for his people. All was hurry, pack and diſpatch, and toward dawning, they ſet out on a road that led to the Cantons. But changing their courſe again for ſeveral ſucceſſive mornings, they arrived at Calais by a long tour of near five weeks travel.

Mr Clinton ſet up at his old inn, and after dinner the hoſt entered to pay his compliments. Have you any news, landlord? Nothing at preſent, my lord, all is quiet again. But here has been a fearful buſtle about three weeks ago. The king's army came down in purſuit of a young Engliſhman who ran away with a lady of quality from Paris. For my ſhare, continued he, looking earneſtly at Harry, I fear that you, pretty Engliſh lad, will hardly leave us a lovely wench in the nation. Harry looked quite ſecure, being wholly innocent of any preſent deſign on the hoſt, but poor little Perre turned as pale as the table cloth.

I remember, continued our talkative hoſt, that juſt ſuch another affair happened when I was a boy and ſervant in this houſe. There came a young Engliſhman, juſt ſuch another ſweet fellow as this before me; and he brought with him an angel of a creature, the like of whom my eyes never did, nor ever ſhall ſee upon till they cloſe in death. After him came

one of our great dukes, with a party of the king's army, and terrible things were expected. But they made it up in a manner I know not how; and my lord Anglois carried off his prize in triumph! Mr Clinton ſtooped his head, and dropt a ſilent tear, but held no further converſe with our landlord on the ſubject.

That evening a gale ſprung up, and going on board, they were ſafe anchored, before morning, in the bay of Dover.

They then mutually embraced; and Harry catching his beloved deliverer to his boſom, We are now upon Engliſh ground, ſays he; Welcome to my arms, my dear Perre, no longer my page or ſervant, but my friend and my brother! you cannot conceive what pain your officiouſneſs has hitherto coſt me; but there muſt be no more of this. You ſhall hereafter be ſerved and attended as I am; nay, I myſelf will gladly ſerve you to the utmoſt of my power, and the extent of my fortune.

Ah, my lord, cried the lovely Perre, gently falling at the feet of his maſter, if you deprive me of the pleaſure of ſerving you, you deprive me of all the pleaſure that the world can afford me. If you knew the delight I find in being always about you, in watching your thoughts and motions, in looking into your fine eyes, and there reading your deſires

before they riſe to expreſſion, you could not find in your heart to deprive me of ſuch a bleſſing. Well then, ſaid Harry, raiſing him fondly in his arms, our future conteſt ſhall be, which of us ſhall ſerve the other, with moſt affection and ſedulity.

After dinner, the evening being calm and ſhiny, Harry took his Perre with him along the ſhore that ſtretches under the ſtupendous cliffs of Dover. They had not walked far, when, getting out of the ſight of people, within the winding of a creek, a man advanced toward them, and taking out a piſtol, called to Harry, and ordered him to throw down his purſe. Our hero did not regard his purſe, but, thinking it an indignity to be robbed by one man, he put his hand to his ſword. Hereupon, the villain cocked and levelled his piſtol: and the faithful Perre, obſerving that he was going to fire, inſtantly jumped in between his maſter and danger, and received the ball into his own boſom.

Harry ſaw his darling drop, and flying all enraged at the robber, he ran him thrice through the body and pinned him to the ground. Then, flying as ſwiftly back, he threw himſelf by the ſide of his dying Perre, and gently raiſing his languiſhing head, placed it fondly on his boſom.

You are wounded, my friend, dangerouſly wounded, I fear, ſays Harry! Yes, my lord, I am

I am wounded juſt as I could with; and I would not exchange my preſent bleſſed death, for the longeſt and happieſt life that the world could beſtow.—But it is time to undeceive you, and reveal a ſecret which nothing but death ſhould ever have extorted from me——I am not what I ſeem, my moſt beloved maſter!——I am a foolish and fond girl, who, at the firſt glance, conceived a paſſion for you.——My name is Maria de Lauſanne.—I am niece to that bad woman whom you juſtly rejected.——But, what did I propoſe by this diſguiſe? Firſt your deliverance, my lord, and that I effected.——But, did I further aſpire to the honour of your hand? Far from it, far from it—I felt my own unworthineſs; I did not think you could be mated by any thing leſs than an angel.——But then to ſee you, to hear you, to ſerve, to touch, to be near you, to fix my eyes on you unheeded, and, if poſſible, to win your attention by the little offices of my fondneſs, this was my happineſs, the whole of the heaven that I propoſed upon earth——I have had it, I have enjoyed it——and I ought to die content—But, alas, to part from you, there is the pang of pangs!—O, if this day merits any thing, by the offer of my own life for the preſervation of my beloved——then cauſe my chaſte clay to be kindly depoſited in the tomb of your anceſtors—that—when time ſhall come—my duſt

may be neighboured—to your precious dust ——and there sleep in peace——beside you ——till we spring——together——from corruption——to glory and——immorrality!

During these short sentences and difficult restorations, Harry could answer nothing.—He was suffocated by his grief ——But, putting his speechless lips to the fading lips of his Maria, he drew her latest breath into his own affectionate bosom, and angels hallowing caught her spirit into the regions of purity, of love, and of faith unfailing!

Harry then plucking up strength from oppression, and courage from despair, prefled his lips to the pale and unfeeling lips of his love, and cried, Yes, my Maria, our dust shall be joined, and I feel that our spirits too shall shortly be wedded.——Then, raising her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, he bore her to the town, while he poured upon her all the way, the two fountains of his affection.

When he got to the inn, and came to his uncle; Here, Sir, said he, I present you with a very precious little burthen, a burthen that lies much heavier on my heart than it does on my arms. He then related to Mr Clinton the whole of what had passed; when, heavily sighing, and shedding a tear, Mr Clinton cried, Ah, my Harry, I would to heaven that your Maria had lived! her beauty, her

vices, but above all the exceſs of her love, made her truly deſerving of you.

Harry ordered a carriage, on purpoſe, for himſelf and his beloved. She was depoſited in a coffin hurried up for the occaſion; and notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances and intreaties of his parent, Harry proved a rebel, for the firſt time, and would not be divided from his Maria, till they reached London.

There our Harry ordered a coffin of unalloyed and beaten ſilver to be prepared for her reception. And though near five days had paſſed ſince the departure of her ſpirit, her chaſte fleſh remained as pure and untainted, as that of a lamb newly ſlain.

While they were putting her into her ſolemn repoſitory, Ah, Sir, ſaid Harry, I pretend not to compare with you; your loſſes, I own, have been greater than mine. You are a man, like your divine Maſter, wholly made up of ſorrows and acquainted with killing griefs. But ſtill you muſt allow, that, for my little time, I have had a competent ſhare. It matters not. I am reconciled to them. I begin to be pleaſed with them. And indeed joy is become my utter averſion, while I think on this loved creature who willingly bled and died for my ſake.

As Harry thought it his duty, ſo he thought it would be his delight, to weep and lament his Maria. But paſſions ſeldom are permanent;

nent; and time, though it may not wholly efface, daily wears away an infenſible portion of the deepeſt impreſſions.

Harry cauſed the coffin of his deliverer to be exalted on a cabinet in his bed-chamber, that it might be always in his ſight. But the familiarity of affecting objects daily leſſens their force; and Harry, week after week, began to contemplate the repoſitory of the lovely remains of his Maria with abating affliction.

In the mean time, Mr Clinton received a letter, by the French mail, in anſwer to one which he had left for his brother-in-law at Paris. And this letter informed him, under the marquis's hand, that he had returned from his embaſſy to the court of Morocco, and that he and his lady would be ſhortly in England. And at the bottom he found written, in a different character, "Will it "be any ſatisfaction to ſee them accompanied "by your once loved——FANNY GODOLPHIN "ALL!"

We have found them my Harry, he cried, we have found them, our long and far loſt friends! the two treaſures which our God has graciouſly laid in ſtore for the comfort of our poor people who have loſt all beſide! but don't let us do them the diſgrace, my ſon, of meeting and receiving them with tears and dirges. Let me then prevail upon you to permit your faithful Perre to be conducted by

by ſome of our people, with an honourable train of undertakers, to Enfield, and there to be treaſured up in your family vault; where I ſhall ſpeedily join her, and whereunto even my Harry muſt finally adjourn.—Harry wiped his eye, and ſaid, Be it as you pleaſe, my father!

Within the following fortnight, Harry, attended by his page, put on a footmanlike frock, and gripping his quarterſtaff of poliſhed yew, took a walk toward the cuſtomhouſe to enquire if any French veſſels had lately arrived, in hope of tidings reſpecting the marquis and the counteſs of Maitland.

As he approached the wharf, he obſerved a crowd, all in motion, and ſhouting as in the midſt of ſome affray. Immediately he haſtened up, and making way through the ſavage populace, perceived that they were inſulting, beating, and dragging a number of unhappy foreigners, without any apparent provocation, ſave that their garb, complexion, and language, were different from their own; the very reaſon that ſhould have induced them to have treated theſe abuſed ſtrangers with courteſy and kindneſs.

On the inſtant his humanity was at once melted by compaſſion and fired into rage; while a lady, who ſtood with her women on the ſtairs, cried out in accents of the bittereſt diſtreſs, One hundred, two hundred, five hundred

hundred pounds, to any who will ſave my poor people.

In little more than twenty ſeconds, Harry laid near as many of the aſſailing mob maimed or ſprawling on the area; and advancing on the crouded ſpectators, with a threatful and agile whirl of his ſtaff, they fell back in a hurry upon each other, and diſperſing, left our hero peaceable maſter of the field of battle.

Then turning to the bruiſed and bleeding ſtrangers, he raiſed ſome, and ſupporting others, conducted them all to the feet of their lady.

While he approached, ſhe eyed him, over and over in mute and wondering aſtoniſhment. I think myſelf happy madam, ſays he, in having done ſome ſmall ſervice to a lady of your fair and noble appearance; of what country may I preſume? of England, Sir, ſays ſhe; and I am ready to preſent you with five thouſand pounds, in recompence of the gallant, the miraculous reſcue, you ſo ſeaſonably brought to me and my people.

No, madam, ſaid Harry ſmiling; my circumſtances do not lay me under the ſmalleſt temptation of ſetting any inſtance of humanity to ſale. But I ſhall not be eaſy, till I ſee you and your attendants ſafe out of the reach of theſe London barbarians.

He then called to ſome porters, and throwing

ing them a parcel of ſilver, ordered them to bring all the coaches they could muſter. And go you, ſays he to his page, go to the ſhipping, enquire after the friends that I told you of, and then follow me to the White-croſs tavern in Cheapſide.

The coaches came, and Harry aſſiſted his porters in carrying, helping, and gently ſtowing the maimed and the wounded into ſome of them. He then handed in the lady; and next, coming to a blackamoor boy, who had a coronet of diamonds inſerted in his cap, he offered to lift him in. But the youth, bending one knee to the duſt, and ſeizing on Harry's hand, eagerly and repeatedly kiſſed it, crying out, in French, Heavenly heavenly creature! and then, breaking into tears, he ſprung into the coach, and ſat down by the lady.

Our hero then beſtowed the four female attendants, with ſuch luggage as was brought on ſhore, into the remaining coaches. Then, graſping his quarter-ſtaff, and ordering the porters to attend, he guarded and eſcorted all ſafe to the White-croſs.

The firſt thing he then did was to order private apartments for the lady and her attendants. He next diſpatched the waiters for all the ſurgeons in the neighbourhood. He then locked the room where he ſaw the luggage ſafe lodged; ordered a ſumptuous dinner

dinner to be prepared as ſoon as poſſible; and, laſtly, diſcharged the coaches and porters, who poured their parting bleſſings upon his head; and all this he did with wonderful diſpatch, for Harry was now in the wide element of his beneficence, as a whale in the ocean.

Three ſurgeons then came, and our hero, putting five guineas a piece into their hands, deſired them to examine and dreſs their patients; and ſtaid till he heard the delightful tidings that none of them were incurable. He then ſent up to the lady to deſire permiſſion to attend her. She roſe and met him as he entered. Child of heaven, ſaid ſhe, from which of the orders of angels have you deſcended? I have heard as well as ſeen what you have wonderfully done for us. Madam, ſaid Harry, endeavouring to turn the diſcourſe, I would not adviſe you to remove your people for ſome time: I have ordered beds and apartments for them in this houſe; where thoſe that are tolerably well, may aſſiſt the doctors to attend their ſick fellows till all ſhall be reſtored. In the mean time I have ſent to my father's for his coach and chariot, to convey you, and this young gentleman, and your women to our houſe, where you can want for no ſervants, ſince my father and I, and all, will be truly and tenderly your ſervants.

vants. We are your property, Sir, said the lady, diſpoſe of us as you pleaſe.

In a little time after dinner was ſerved up; and Harry, happening to turn his head, perceived the black youth by ſtealth kiſſing the hat, and preſſing the gloves to his boſom that he had laid on a table.

Whatever the darkneſs or deformity of any aſpect or perſon may happen to be, if the ſentimental beauty of ſoul ſhall burſt through the cloud upon us, the dark becomes light, the deformed quite comely, and we begin to affect what was lately our averſion. Thus it was that Harry found himſelf ſuddenly and inevitably attached by the two recent proofs that this outlandiſh youth had given of his affection.

Being all ſeated, Harry looked earneſtly at the young Moor, and turning to the lady, ſaid, I now perceive, madam, how ridiculous all ſorts of prejudices are, and find that time and obſervation may change our opinions to the reverſe of what they were. I once had an averſion to all ſorts of blacks; but I avow, that there is ſomething ſo amiable in the face of this youth, and his eyes caſt ſuch a luſtre over the darkneſs of his countenance, as is enough, as Shakeſpeare has it, to make us in love with night, and pay no more worſhip to the gaudy ſun.

The moor, hereat, ſmiled celeſtial ſweetneſs,

neſs, and joy beamed from his eyes, and throughout his dimpling aſpect.

But who can you be, my ſweet fellow, ſaid the lady, who are the picture, the image, almoſt the thing itſelf, that I was ſo ſadly in love with five and thirty years ago? Why, madam, ſaid our hero, you could not have been born at that early day. Ah you flatterer, ſays ſhe, I am turned of forty. But, pray madam, who was he that was ſo happy as to attract your infant affections?——His name was Harry Clinton——Why, madam, Harry Clinton is my name.——Harry Clinton, Harry Clinton! ſcreamed out the lady, and ſtarted up from her chair——Yes, madam, I am ſon to the late earl of Moreland; and I almoſt dare to hope, that you were once the enchanting Fanny Goodall——Yes, my lovely kinſman, I am indeed your Fanny Goodall!

Harry then ſprung forward, and ſeizing her hand, kept it dwelling on his lips. But, diſengaging it, ſhe opened her arms and claſped him to her boſom, and wept over him as a mother would over a long-loſt ſon; while the young Moor ran and danced about the room, like a mad thing, clapping hands, and ſpringing, like an Antelope, almoſt to the ceiling.

When they were ſomething compoſed, the Moor caught the lady about the neck, and kiſſing

kiſſing her, cried, Joy, joy, my deareſt madam, the greateſt of all joys! Then turning to our hero, he took each of his hands, in turns, and preſſed them to his lips; while Harry, kiſſing his forehead, cried, My brother, my brother!

When they were again ſet to dinner, the page entered. My lord, ſays he, I have been all along the quays and the ſhipping, but can learn no tidings of the marquis D'Aubigny, nor of any French family, ſave that of the ducheſs Bouillon, who, this morning, came up the river with a numerous train.

Well, ſays Harry, our happineſs has been already quite ſufficient to the day. To morrow may crown our wiſhes with full ſucceſs.

No, my love, ſaid the lady, you cannot ſee the marquis for ſome time. The truth is, that you find in me, your Fanny Goodall, the marchioneſs D'Aubigny, and the ducheſs de Bouillon. But theſe matters ſhall be explained more clearly, when I am bleſſed with the ſight of your precious uncle.

News was now brought that the carriages were at the door; when, taking a haſty bit or two, they viſited and left orders for the care of the ſick and wounded, and then ſet out in a hurry for Pall-Mall.

When they arrived, the ducheſs haſtened in, enquiring for Mr Clinton: and, when ſhe came where he was, ſhe cried out, as ſhe

advanced, and as he roſe to receive her, Your Fanny, your Fanny Goodall, my couſin! and throwing herſelf into his arms, dwelt there for a minute. Then recoiling a while, ſhe looked fondly at him, and cried, Your ſiſter alſo, my brother, your ſiſter D'Aubigny! the wife of the brother of your heavenly Louiſa! then claſping him to her arms, ſhe broke into tears; and again, quitting him, ſat down to quiet her emotions.

Mr Clinton, having ſeated himſelf affectionately beſide her, ſaid, Theſe are wondrous things that you tell me, my precious ſiſter! by what miracle have theſe bleſſings been brought about?

I am too much agitated at preſent, ſays ſhe: let me have a little coffee, and the matter ſhall be unravelled.

As they were ſettling to the tea-table, Give me leave, Sir, ſaid the ducheſs, to introduce my little black companion to your notice. He is a ſweet fellow I aſſure you, notwithſtanding his complexion. He is child to our royal friend the emperor of Morocco, who has intruſted him to our guardianſhip for his travel and education. However he might have come by his ſable outſide, his father, the great Abenamin, is the leaſt of the tawny of any man I ſaw in Africa, and his mother is one of the faireſt and fineſt women that ever opened a pair of living diamonds to the light; but ſhe took

took fright, while ſhe was pregnant, at the ſudden ſight of a blackamoor. But my brother, I ſhall more particularly recommend him to your regard, by telling you that he is an exceedingly pious Chriſtian, though as playful as lambs, and as chuckling as infancy.

She then turned, and taking the little Abenamin by the hand, led him up and placed him before her brother; when the youth, ſuddenly dropping on his knees, looked up to Mr Clinton, with eyes that ſpoke love and reverential awe, and beſought his bleſſing.

The old gentleman found himſelf ſurpriſingly affected, and lifting up his hands, cried, God be gracious to you, my child, and make your ſoul as bright as your countenance is fable! and may the Sun of righteouſneſs ſhine with power upon you, and ſoon diſperſe or illumine every ſhade that is about you! The prince embraced his legs, kiſſed his knees, and aroſe.

Soon as the coffee was removed, You may remember, my deareſt couſin, ſaid the ducheſs, in what a hurry I laſt parted from you. Mr Fairface, with whom the bulk of my fortune was depoſited, went off with above a hundred thouſand pounds of my ſubſtance, beſide four times that value entruſted to him by others.

I traced him to Paris, and there he had the

impudence to give me an interview; but at the ſame time had the impudence alſo to bid me defiance.

Immediately I commenced ſuit, and ſent diſpatch to London for my papers and witneſſes.

On the opening of my cauſe in court, I was ſummoned by the title of counteſs of Maitland, otherwiſe Frances Goodall. On hearing the name, a gentleman who was near me ſtarted, and turning and coming up, Pray madam, ſays he, are you any way related to the honourable Harry Clinton, who once went by that name in this city? I am Sir, ſaid I, almoſt the neareſt relation that he has upon earth ---He is, madam, my deareſt friend and brother. Pray ſpeak to your advocates to poſtpone your ſuit for a few days, till I am informed of the nature and merits of your cauſe.

This was accordingly done. He deſired to know where I lodged, and in leſs than an hour his chariot was at my door.

Except yourſelf, my couſin, the marquis had the moſt lovely and winning aſpect and perſon that ever I beheld. I ſoon convinced him of the equity of my demand, and of the villainy of my truſtee, and made him perfect maſter of the whole affair. But he ſtill continued to viſit, and to ſtay with me a conſiderable part of every day, under colour of being better informed touching this and the

other

other particular; the remaining time was ſpent in ſoliciting for me.

At length a hearing came on; and after a ſhort trial, honeſt Fairface was caſt in principal and double coſts. He was inſtantly taken into cuſtody, and put under confinement, till he diſcharged the whole amount of the judgment in my favour.

No ſooner was one ſuit over, wherein I was plaintiff; but another was commenced, wherein I happened to prove but a very weak defendant. The marquis now became ſolicitor for himſelf; but with ſuch a ſweet timidity, as ſeemed to doubt and greatly dread the ſucceſs of his cauſe.

I could not refuſe my time to him, who had devoted the whole of his time and aſſiduity to me. We ſpent whole days together. But O, what floods of tears did that time often coſt both him and me, while he pathetically and feelingly related your hiſtory, from the place where you broke off, to the death of your Louiſa, and your precious infants!

I believe, my conſin, that, as grief is a greater ſoftener, ſo it is a greater cementer of hearts than any other paſſion. I gave the marquis, in my turn, my little ſtory, and dwelt on every tender minuteneſs of my infant-paſſion for you. Ah, ſaid he, what a pity that a heart, ſo ſuſceptible of all divine

and human feelings, ſhould ſit as a lonely turtle upon the houſe top, without a ſuitable mate!

I took him for that mate, my couſin; and in a huſband I found the trueſt and tendereſt of lovers. I became pregnant, for the firſt time of my life, and was delivered of a ſweet and promiſing little fellow, whom we left at nurſe in our country-ſeat, while I attended my lord on his embaſſy to Morocco.

But, here I muſt ſtop, my brother; I am under the poſitive interdiction of an imperial thing called a huſband, not to divulge a word further till he ſees you face to face. But I truſt that he has bleſſed tidings for you, my brother; he ſays, that he, otherwiſe, would not have dared to preſent himſelf before you, after his loſs of your Eloiſa.

Mr Clinton ſmiled careleſs, as at the impoſſibility of any conſoling event upon earth. Again, ſmiling archly, I proteſt, my ſiſter, ſaid he, you appear to me to grow younger for your years. I ſee no manner of alteration, ſave that you are ſomething plumper, and not quite ſo ſlender as when we parted. O, ſays ſhe, laughing, there may be a reaſon in nature for that.

I rejoice at heart to hear it, ſaid Mr Clinton; but pray, when may we expect my brother?——In about two months; at preſent he is engaged with the king, who is extremely fond of him, and lately created him a duke,

on

on account of the ſervices which he rendered the ſtate in Africa. We received your dear letter, my deareſt brother, at Paris; but wondered who the ſweet fellow could be, who was ſaid to accompany you.

In the mean time, our hero and the young prince were in cloſe combination. Abenamin ſtepped about and about Harry, and toyed with him, and twiſted the curls of his careleſs locks around his fingers. Then turning and looking fondly up in his face, Ah, how fair, ſays he, does this black viſage of mine ſhew in thoſe fine eyes of yours! It is in truth, ſaid Harry, ſo fair in my eyes, that I would not exchange it for fifteen of the faireſt female faces in Britain. The prince then caught his hand, and preſſed it to his boſom. But what ſhall I call you, ſays he? You are a great lord in this country, and in my own country I am greater than a lord. But I hate the formality of titles between friends, and I will call you My Harry, provided you promiſe to call me Your Abenamin. A bargain, ſays Harry, let us ſeal it with a kiſs! No, no, ſays the prince, we never kiſs lips in Africa; but I will kiſs your head, and your hands, and your feet too, with pleaſure. But tell me, Harry, what makes you ſo mighty clever a fellow, will you teach me to be a clever fellow alſo? Ay, that I will, ſays Harry; and to beat myſelf too, provided you promiſe

miſe not to hit me over hard. Abenamin laughed, and aimed a little fiſt as though he meant to overturn him.

As ſoon as Harry's grief for his late Maria would allow him to aſſociate, he had been to ſeek his old friend and tutor Mr Clement; but he found only a ſingle domeſtic at home, who told him that the old gentleman had been ſome time dead, and that the family were lately gone to take poſſeſſion of a new ſeat that they had purchaſed in the country.

However, as Harry found himſelf quite happy in the preſent ſociety, he ſought no further acquaintance or amuſement in London. In leſs than three weeks, the retinue of the prince and the ducheſs were well reſtored; and they all ſet out for Enfield, there to await the wiſhed arrival of the duke.

On the third day, while they ſtopped at a village to repair the fractured harneſs of an over-mettled horſe, Harry took a walk with his Abenamin along the road. In their way they came to a long and waſte cottage, where they heard the confuſed clattering of junior voices. Harry ſtepped to the door, and looking in, perceived about forty, or fifty boys ranged on benches of turf, while a man of a pale aſpect ſat on a decayed chair, inſtructing them in their leſſons.

Your ſervant, Sir, ſays Harry; pray what language do you teach?——I can teach Latin,

tin, and Greek, too Sir; but the people of this country chooſe to confine themſelves to the language of old England——If I am not too free, Sir, pray what is your name?—Longfield, ſo pleaſe your honour.——Longfield, Longfield! I have ſurely heard that name before. Pray, were you ever acquainted with a man called Hammel Clement?——Hammel Clement, Sir? Yes, Sir; and with a wife by whom he is greatly dignified.

Your friend Clement ſays Harry, is come to great fortune; and I dare anſwer for him, would be nearly diſtracted with joy at your ſight, and would gladly divide his ſubſtance with you; but, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be no incumbrance upon his growing family. You ſhall inſtantly come with me; and as Pharaoh ſaid to Jacob, Regard not your ſtuff, for the good of all my lands lies before you, my Longfield. And I rejoice more in acquiring ſuch a heart as yours, than if I had acquired the poſſeſſion of a province.

Harry then called a few of the neighbours in, and giving them ſome guineas, to be changed and divided among the children, in order to enable them to ſee a new maſter, he and Abenamin took the thread-bare Longfield, on each ſide, under the arm, and carried him away.

When they came to the turn that led to the manſion houſe, Harry perceived, with much

much pleaſure, that the two ſchool-houſes, which he had put in hand before the death of his father, were now completed. They ſtood oppoſite to each other, with the road between them. Their fronts were of hewn ſtone; and a ſmall cupola roſe over each, with bells to ſummon the children to meals and to leſſon.

Here, Longfield, ſays our hero, is to be your province. You are to ſuperintend theſe ſchools, at a ſalary of three hundred a-year. And I will ſoon ſend you, with proper means throughout the country, to muſter me a hundred choſen children of each ſex; for I yearn to be a father, Longfield, and to gather my family of little ones under my eye and my wing.

As ſoon as they alighted, Mr Clinton and his Harry once more welcomed the duchefs and her Abenamin to their home, and their hearts, and the late houſe of mourning became a houſe of joy.

Above all, Abenamin inſpired mirth and good humour throughout the family; and melancholy fled before him wherever he turned. He was daily inventive of new matters of entertainment. He danced African dances, for them, with wonderful action and grace; and he ſung African ſongs, that imitated and exceeded the wild and inarticulate warblings of the nightingale. So that he became the darling and little idol of the whole houſehold.

Harry

Harry had ſent for the town tailor, and got Longfield fitted with three or four ſuits from his father's wardrobe. He then ſent him on his commiſſion, in company with Mr Truſtly the agent, whom he ordered to ſhew him the country, to introduce him to the ſeveral families of the peaſantry, and to furniſh him with whatever ſums he ſhould call for.

In the mean time, our hero and Abenamin became inſeparable. He made the prince a preſent of his little dreſſed jennett, and at times rode out with him, and taught him the menage. At other times they would run and wreſtle, and play a hundred gambols through the walks and the gardens.

Did you ever ſee the chace of the Antelope, Harry?——Not I truly.——You ſhall not be long ſo, ſays the prince. Go gather me all the houſe, man, woman, and child, before the door here. You ſhall be the huntſman, and I will be the antelope; and if any of your people can catch me, in a mile's running, they ſhall have my cap for a kerchief.

Immediately the whole poſſe was ſummoned, to the amount of about ſixty perſons, male and female; and Mr Clinton and the ducheſs, hearing what they were about, came laughing to the door, to ſee the diverſion.

Harry then gave his royal antelope about fifty yards law; then cried, Away! and inſtantly

ſtantly all heels and all voices were looſed after him.

The prince then turned, and bounded over an aha that was ſunk on the right ſide of the avenue; then, clearing ſeveral other obſtacles, whereby he threw out the greateſt number of his purſuers, he at length reached the fields, and ſhot away like an arrow.

Our hero's huntſman headed about nine foreign and domeſtic footmen, who ſtill held the chaſe, though at a diſtance; while Abenamin led them a round of above a mile. Then turning ſhort homeward, he came flying up the avenue, with only the huntſman and two followers puffing far behind. At length, reaching near the door, the prince threw himſelf precipitately into the arms of his friend, as it were for protection, crying, Save me, my Harry, ſave your little antelope!

Mr Clinton and the ducheſs, then ſucceſſively embraced the victor, and wiſhed him joy. I proteſt, Harry, cried Mr Clinton, I will bett a thouſand pieces with you, on the head of my Abenamin againſt your famous Polly Truck.

That night, as our hero ſat with the prince in his apartment, Have you ever been in love, my Harry, ſays he? I confeſs, ſaid Harry, that I have had my twitches and tendencies that way.

He then related to him the tragedy of his faithful

faithful Maria, which coſt the prince the drenching of a handkerchief in tears.

Ah, exclaimed the prince, never, never will I forgive your Maria her death! why was it not my lot, by ſome ſeverer doom, to prove to you the ſuperiority of my friendſhip and affection? What, cried Harry, would you not leave me a ſingle companion upon earth? when my Abenamin quits the world, I ſhall alſo bid it adieu!

When tears were wiped away, the prince took his friend by the hand, and ſaid, I have a ſiſter, my brother, a ſiſter, a ſiſter twinned with me in the womb, and as fair as I am black. All Africa is pleaſed to hail her as the beauty of the univerſe; but the truth is, that I think but poorly of her. The duke brought her with him to France; and ſhould he bring her to England, beware of your heart my Harry! for, though I am prejudiced againſt her, ſhe is the idol of all others, who bow down to her, as before a little divinity. This has made her ſo exceſſively vain, that ſhe holds herſelf of a different ſpecies from the reſt of mankind, and thinks the homage of the world nothing leſs than her right. And now, my Harry, though I earneſtly wiſh to be allied to you, by a tie, nearer if poſſible than that of friendſhip, yet I would not wiſh my own happineſs, at the expence of your peace; and ſo I give

I give you timely warning againſt this dangerous and haughty girl.

Our company had now been upward of ſix weeks at the manſion-houſe. Harry hitherto, had never examined any part of the country, or any part of his own eſtate, above a mile from the houſe. Wherefore, leaving his friend Abenamin in bed, in the preſumption of his being tired with his laſt day's fatigue, he iſſued early forth, accompanied only by his huntſman and his agent's runner, who knew and was known every where.

With there ſtaffs in their hands, they croſſed and quartered the country, at pleaſure, without let or obſtacle.

At length they came within proſpect of a houſe ſumptuouſly fronted, and of a happy ſituation. Harry ſtopped here, with pleaſure, comparing, as he approached, the acquirements of art with the advantages of nature: when a ſervant iſſued forth, and humbly beſought him to walk in. Harry heard the voice of muſic. What is your maſter's name, ſays he? Fielding, ſo pleaſe your honour, and we are this day celebrating the nuptials of his ſon, the young ſquire.

The maſter of the family met our hero at the outward door. Harry recoiled at recognizing the face of the Mr Fielding, whom he had ſeen at Hampſtead; but taking no notice, walked with him into the houſe.

Breakfaſt,

Breakfaſt, ſoon after, was uſhered in, and Mrs Fielding, and Mr and Mrs Catharines, and Ned, with his blooming and bluſhing bri e, came to the table.

Harry chuckled and rejoiced at heart, but ſtill took no notice; when, after ſome curſory converſation, Ned looked at him with an eager diſturbance, and cried, Bleſs me, my heart tells me that there is ſomething in that face which is not quite unknown to me. If I could think, after my many and late enquiries, that my patron was alive, bating the difference of years, I ſhould verily believe that you were——Your Harry Fenton, cried our hero, ſpringing up; your Harry Fenton, my dear Ned!

Harry then opened his arms to receive his friend, while Ned leaped and catched at him, as the grappling iron of a corſair would catch at a ſhip from which a great prize was expected.

All the family then, ſo highly as they had been obliged by our hero and his father, ſtruggled who ſhould be foremoſt in their acknowledgments and careſſes. The holy Catharines, fondly taking him to his arms, cried, Chriſt be gracious to you, my child! and may the God, who has formed you as an angel upon earth, make you alſo of the higheſt order of angels in heaven!

After dinner, Harry roſe to take his leave;

but they all got in a group and oppoſed his paſſage, telling him he muſt be their priſoner for that night. I conſent only on this condition, ſaid Harry, that you all promiſe to dine with me to-morrow. Why, pray Sir, where do you live, ſays Mr Fielding? at Enfield, with the young earl of Moreland, ſays Harry; but he has a great friendſhip for me, and the houſe is as it were my own.

Much company arrived in the evening, and the ball was opened and held till late. But our hero declined dancing, that his friend Ned might ſtand forth peerleſs in the eyes of his bride.

Harry roſe by the dawning, and footed it in an hour to Enfield. He flew up ſtairs to ſalute the family, but found no one ſave Mr Clinton, from whom he received at once a warm bleſſing and embrace.

Where is the ducheſs, Sir, and my friend Abenamin? Gone, Harry, ſays his uncle, about breakfaſt-time yeſterday; a courier arrived with the joyful tidings that my brother was on the road, and ſo my ſiſter and our Abenamin haſtened to meet him. By this time I ſuppoſe they are all on their return. And now take care of yourſelf, my Harry. The duke brings with him the ſiſter of our Abenamin, the fair princeſs Abenaide: the ducheſs tells me, that a lovelier creature never beheld the light; ſo that you muſt guard your

heart

heart with double bars, againſt the power of this beauty.——She is vain and diſdainful, Sir, exceſſively vain, I am told; ſo that her pride will prove an antidote againſt the poiſon of her charms. However, I will haſte to meet and welcome your moſt noble brother.

Harry was mounted on a haughty charger, that was bought when a colt in Mauritania: he was white as new-fallen ſnow, ſave a black main and tail, and three large blood like ſpots on the off-ſhoulder. He was ſo perfectly inſtructed and ſubdued to the menage, that he ſeemed to have no will ſave the will of his rider; while Harry's leaſt motion, like electricity, informed every joint and member.

The princeſs came foremoſt in an open chariot drawn by ſix ſported Arabians. The chariot was plated here and there with burniſhed gold, and emblazoned with gems of luſtre. But if the eye could ſcarce bear the blaze of the vehicle, much leſs could it ſupport the brightneſs of the beauty who ſat enthroned within it.

Harry bowed twice, as he approached, but ſhe ſcarce deigned a perceptible nod of acknowledgment to his ſalute——Our hero felt himſelf piqued. Proud beauty! thought he, I thank you for your timely prevention of a paſſion that, perhaps, might have proved unhappy to me. He then paſſed forward with affected careleſſneſs to ſalute the duke.

When he came up, the coach ſtopped, and Harry, flying from his ſaddle, approached the window, while his ſteed ſtood trembling but motionleſs behind him.

My lord, ſaid Harry, ſeizing the duke's hand and reſpectfully kiſſing it, if you were ſenſible of the joy that my heart receives from your preſence, I think it would make you nearly as happy as myſelf. My ſweet fellow, ſaid the duke, I have often heard of you at Paris, as alſo by the letters of my love here; my longing at laſt is gratified, though my wonder is increaſed.

But madam, ſays Harry, what have you done with my little playfellow, what's become of my Abenamin? O, cried the ducheſs, laughing, he is forthcoming I warrant you; but what has ſo bewitched you to him? I think you could not be fonder, if he were a miſtreſs. True madam, anſwered Harry, ſighing; I never look to have a miſtreſs that I ſhall love half as well; but pray put me out of pain, and let me know where he is. Be pacified, ſaid the ſmiling duke, he is not far off; and here is my hand and promiſe that you ſhall ſee him before night.

Our hero then turned, and touching his left hand to the ſhoulder of his horſe, he roſe perpendicular, like a pyramid of fire, and again deſcended on his ſeat, as a flake of ſnow on a roſe-bud. He then touched his white wand

wand to the neck of his ſteed, who inſtantly mounted the air, like a winged Pegaſus; while the ducheſs ſhouted out, thinking her Harry a gone-man, but he returned as compoſed, as though he were ſeated on a bed of cotton.

The coach now began to move, and Harry put his wand to the flank of his horſe, who turning his head to the carriage, as of his own accord, moved ſidelong toward Enfield with a proud but gentle prancing; while the duke cried out, Look, look! O the boy, the graceful lovely boy!

As our hero attended the carriage of the duke, the princeſs and her train had got to the houſe and alighted, while Harry opened the coach door, and handed out the noble pair, who alternately kiſſed and took him to their arms. Mr Clinton then came forth and received them all with tranſport. But Harry, under ſome pretence, walked away ruminating, in order to avoid the diſdainful regards of the young lady.

In the mean time, our company, rejoicing and careſſing each other all the way, had got ſlowly, though very lovingly, to the great manſion-parlour. The duke then, reſpectfully taking the young lady by the hand, Permit me, brother, ſays he, to recommend to you my lovely ward, the fair princeſs of Morocco. The lady then gently bent one knee

knee toward the ground, while ſhe received the cordial bleſſing and ſalute of the old gentleman.

They then took their ſeats. When, Mr Clinton, while he looked more earneſtly on the princeſs, grew ſuddenly affected, and called out for a glaſs of fair water and hartſhorn. When he drank it, he found himſelf in a meaſure reſtored; and lifting his hands, he cried, I proteſt one would think that nature had copied this young and lovely creature from an image that has lain impreſſed upon my heart near theſe forty years.

You are in the right, my brother, exclaimed the duke, it is even as you ſurmiſe. Allow me then, once more, to introduce to you the counterpart of our once adorable Louiſa; to introduce to you my niece and your own offspring, my brother; even the daughter of your ſtill living and ever precious Eloiſa! The princeſs then ſprung forward, and dropping precipitately at the feet of her grandfather, ſhe put her face between his knees, and ſeizing both hands, ſhe bathed them with her tears, crying, My father, O my father, my dear, my deareſt father, how, inexpreſſibly bleſſed I think myſelf, to be the offspring of ſuch a father! Mr Clinton then raiſing her, and ſeating her fondly on his knee, and graſping her to his boſom, I will not aſk, he cried, how theſe miracles came about; it is enough that I feel

I feel the attraction which pulls you into my heart. And ſo ſaying, their tears flowed, till they mingled on the flooring.

Go, my angel, ſaid Mr Clinton, and take yonder ſeat, that I may view and delight my ſoul with your ſight, at leiſure. My eyes begin at theſe years, to ſee beſt at a diſtance.

At length, the ſoft voice of our Harry was heard in the hall; and the duke, whiſpering his brother, requeſted him for a little time, to take no notice of what had paſſed.

Our hero then entered, bowing reſpectfully and gracefully, but careleſsly toward the ſide where the princeſs ſat. He then took his ſeat beſide the duke, and bending fondly to him, and ſeizing a hand, with both his hands, he preſſed it to his lips and cried, Welcome, welcome, my deareſt lord, to the houſe and the hearts of your trueſt lovers!

Then, giving a glance to the ſide where the princeſs ſat, he caught a glimpſe of her attractions, and ſighing, ſaid to himſelf, O the pity, the pity! But no matter; her pride ſhall never ſuffer a ſingle charm to take place; and ſo thinking, he turned his eyes aſide

Mean time, Abenaide aroſe, with as little noiſe as a hare from her ſeat; and ſtealing round, like a cat circumventing a mouſe, ſhe came behind Harry's chair, and reaching and covering

covering an eye, with each of her hands, ſhe turned his head to her, and made a ſound with her lips, as though ſhe had kiſſed him. Harry opened his eyes in utter aſtoniſhment; while in a twinkling, ſtanding before him, ſhe chuckled a laugh, and cried, My Harry, what, have you forgot me? Don't you remember your old playfellow, your little friend Abenamin?

Harry's eyes were new opened, in the midſt of the hurry and agitation of his ſoul. At a glimpſe he took in the whole oppreſſion of her beauties; and caſting himſelf, quick as a glance of lightning, at her feet, he ſeized the hem of her robing and glued it to his mouth.

At length, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Ah, what are all theſe wonders to me, or my happineſs, unleſs my Abenamin will alſo become my Abenaide? That, replied the princeſs, is not at my option; there ſits my lord and father, at whoſe diſpoſal I am.

Harry then roſe, and throwing himſelf at the feet of his revered patron, embraced his legs in ſilence, while Mr Clinton cried out, Yes, my Harry, I underſtand you; nothing ſhall ever be wanting to the happineſs of my darling, that the power of his tender parent and loving uncle can effect. I can have nothing in heaven or earth, that is not the property of

my Harry. Harry kiſſed his feet and ſprung up.

Mr Clinton then continued, I aver, I am ſtill in a labyrinth. Did you not ſay, my Abenaide, that you were alſo our Abenamin? I did, my lord, ſays ſhe, but I did not dare to avow myſelf. Ah, what a painful ſtruggle did that reſtriction coſt me! while I panted to catch and to cling to your honoured feet; while I uſed to look, and gaze upon you, unperceived; while my heart ſwelled with affection, and my eyes with reſtrained tears; and while I kiſſed, in ſecret, the book that you read, and the ground that you trode on.

Abenaide then ſat down, and Harry, lightly throwing himſelf on the ground beſide her, looked beſeechingly around, and cried, My lord, my deareſt lady, our ſtill precious Fanny Goodall, can you vouch, can ye warrant that I am ſafe in this matter? Then looking up to the princeſs, and drinking her in, No, he cried, you cannot engage it; I feel that I ſhall periſh in the very ecſtaſy of the expectation of being united to her.

Juſt then Mr Meekly came in. He had been long and far away, upon many a bleſſed tour of doing good through the earth. But as ſoon as he heard of the arrival of his beloved patron and young lord, he rode poſt to embrace them.

Harry ſprung from love to friendſhip, and catch-

catching him in his arms, cried, O my Meekly, my deareſt Meekly, how ſeaſonably you come, to temper, by your advice, the inſuffer-able tranſports of my ſoul! Behold the re-gent of my heart, behold the queen of all my wiſhes!

Meekly then fixed his eyes upon the prin-ceſs, and ſoon after exclaimed; Gracious fa-ther; what do I ſee? Can the Louiſa be re-ſuſcitated, and new raiſed from the dead? O then, it muſt be ſo, ſhe muſt be her deſcen-dent. No one, ſave my peerleſs patroneſs, could produce the likeneſs of my patroneſs. But how this bleſſing-miracle was brought a-bout is the queſtion.

That is my queſtion too, my dear Meekly, ſaid Mr Clinton, if my moſt noble brother would be ſo good as to ſolve it. I will gra-tify you, gentlemen, ſaid the duke, in as few words as poſſible. Mean while, the princeſs withdrew.

On my embaſſy to the court of Morocco, I had ſeveral private interviews with the em-peror, before my credentials were opened in public. I had the good fortune to be liked by him, ſo that he ſuffered no day to paſs without ſeeing me. His name was Abena-min; he was accounted a great captain, he exceeded all in his dominions for grace of perſon and beauty of aſpect; and that which rendered him ſtill more ſingular was, that he had

had given liberty to all the ladies of his ſeraglio, and for many years had kept conſtant to the reigning ſultana, ſaid to be the moſt exquiſite beauty upon earth.

As we grew more intimate, in the exuberance of his affection for his empreſs, he could not refrain from ſpeaking of her to me; and he promiſed that, before I departed, I ſhould ſee and converſe with her; a grace, he ſaid, never granted to any other man.

At length, the day being appointed for my public entry, I rode through the city, attended by a ſumptuous train, and alighting before the palace, advanced to the hall of audience.

The emperor was ſeated, with his ſultana at his right hand, upon a throne of ivory. As ſoon as I had approached the preſence, and began to open my commiſſion, the empreſs gave a great ſhriek, and fell over in a ſwoon upon the boſom of her huſband.

The royal Abenamin inſtantly turned pale as death, tore off her veil with trembling hands to give her air, and called me to his aſſiſtance, as it is accounted profanation for any Moor to touch the perſon of the empreſs. But, O heaven, O my friends! think what was my aſtoniſhment, when in the pale face of the queen, I beheld the loved features of our darling Eloiſa!

The court broke up in confuſion, and her

women came hurrying with drops and eſſences. As ſoon as ſhe recovered, ſhe opened her eyes upon me; and reaching out her arms, and catching me to her, ſhe cried, O my uncle, my deareſt uncle, am I ſo bleſs'd then as to behold you before I expire!

The monarch, in the mean time, looked upon me with a jealous eye, and twice put his hand to the haft of his dagger, but checked his riſing indignation, till he ſhould have the myſtery of his queen's behaviour explained. The women then raiſed her up and bore her to her apartment; while the emperor, turning to me, with no very friendly aſpect, ordered me to follow him.

When I had attended a conſiderable time in the antichamber, he came forth with a ſerene and joyous countenance, and embracing me, cried, O my friend, my dear kinſman, how tranſported I am to find and acknowledge you for ſuch; the parent of my angel becomes a part of myſelf!

He then led me by the hand into the bedchamber of my Eloiſa, where we renewed our careſſes without reſtraint. But the monarch, fearing that theſe emotions would be too much for her, told me that he had ſomething for my private ear till dinner; and took me into an adjoining cloſet.

There ſeating, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I will now tell you, my uncle, ſays

ſays he, how I came by this ineſtimable treaſure of your niece.

I had fitted out a royal ſhip of my own, not as a corſair, but rather for trade in the Mediterranean. On their return from the coaſt of Egypt, as they paſſed, after a violent hurricane, within ſight of old Carthage, my people perceived at a diſtance, a ſloop ſtranded on a ſhoal of ſand about a league from the ſhore. Immediately they ſent out a boat, and took the diſtreſſed company in, conſiſting of my charmer, two female companions, and three ſervants in livery, beſide the boatmen.

The intendants of my ſhip behaved themſelves with all poſſible reſpect toward the young lady and her attendants; and endeavoured to quiet her terrors, by aſſuring her that ſhe was free, and that their prince was a perſon of too much honour and humanity to derive any advantage from the diſaſters of the unfortunate.

The moment that they brought her before me, pale, trembling, and in tears; while ſhe dropt on her knees, and lifted to me her fine eyes in a petitioning manner; the gates of my ſoul opened to the ſweetly affecting image, and ever after cloſed, of their own accord, upon it.

Ah, I cried, heavenly creature, calm, calm your cauſeleſs fears! I ſwear by our prophet

and the god of our prophet, that I would rather ſuffer the gaunch, than put the ſmalleſt conſtraint on your perſon or inclinations. You are free, madam, you ſhall ever be free, ſave ſo far as I may bind you by my tender offices and affections.

I raiſed her, and ſhe grew ſomething better aſſured; when, bending a knee in my turn, I kiſſed her robe and cried, Look not upon me as your tyrant, look not on me as your lover; but look upon me as your friend, the tendereſt and trueſt of friends, who ſhall ever be ready to ſacrifice his own happineſs to yours.

From that time I ſtudied every amuſement, every diverſion, that might ſerve to diſſipate the timid ſhrinkings of her remaining apprehenſions; while I conducted myſelf toward her, with a diſtant though fond reſpect, not even preſuming to touch her ivory-hand.

In the mean time my ſoul ſickened, and grew cold to all other women. If you were ever in love, my dear D'Aubigny, you know that it is a chaſte as well as a tender paſſion. I languiſhed indeed for her, I longed and [illegible] to death; but then it was rather for her heart than her perſon that I languiſhed.

One day, as ſhe heaved a heavy but half ſuppreſſed ſigh, Ah, my angel, I cried, I can

have

have no joy but yours; and yet you have griefs to which you keep your friend, your Abenamin, a ſtranger. True, my lord, ſays ſhe, tears breaking from her; all your bounties have not been able to ſilence the calls of kindred, or claims of nature within me. Ah, my parents, my dear parents; I feel more for you, than I feel even for myſelf, in being torn from you!

The weight of her affliction, fell like a mountain on my ſoul, and cruſhed me to her feet. You would leave me then, Eloiſa, you wiſh to leave me; but your generoſity delays to tell me ſo, for fear of breaking my heart. ——Well, be it ſo——go from me ——you know I cannot ſurvive you——but my death is of no conſequence, my Eloiſa ſhall be happy. ——I will go this inſtant, I will diſpatch my ſwifteſt galley to Languedoc——I will write word to your parents that you are ſafe, that you are beloved, and yet pure and untouched, ſince reſpected as a deity.——I will invite them to come and take poſſeſſion of my treaſures, my dominions, my heart: but——ſhould they reject my ſuit, I again ſwear by Alla, to ſend you to them, laden with wealth, though I myſelf ſhould drop dead at the inſtant of your departure.

The noble ſoul of my Eloiſa became inſtantly affected. She caught a hand between both of hers, and bathing it with tears, cri-

ed, O, now indeed you have bound me by chains infinitely ſtronger than all the ſhackles that faſten the ſlaves to the gallies of Africa.

I kept firm to my engagement, and in a few weeks, my winged meſſengers returned. But, O the tidings, the very doleful tidings for my beloved! they brought word that they found no creature, ſave two ancient domeſtics in the great hotel, as two ravens in the midſt of a lonely foreſt.

From theſe they learned, that my Eloiſa's mother and little brother were dead; that her grandmother was dead; her aunt the marchioneſs alſo dead; and that the marquis had retired they knew not whither.

She wept inceſſantly, and I wept with her. —At length ſhe ſoftly ſaid, You have conquered, my lord, you have conquered, I am ſubdued by your weight of affection! O, that you could but conform to one article more, that we might by united as one heart, and one ſoul, and one ſentiment, for ever!

It was now, for the firſt time, that I dared to ſeize her hand; I cruſhed it to my lips, and thruſt it to my ſoul. What would you enjoin, I cried? I would do any thing, dare any thing to be united to my Eloiſa! in life and in death, body to body, and duſt to duſt, never, never to be ſundered, till her ſpirit ſhould make the heaven of my ſpirit hereafter.

Ah,

Ah, ſhe ſuddenly exclaimed, that, that is the very thing I ſo eagerly deſire. Let the God of my heart be the God of your heart, let the God of my ſpirit be the God of your ſpirit; ſo ſhall we be united in him, and jointly partake of his bleſſedneſs through eternity!

Ah, I cried, can I forego the divine precepts of our prophet? Your prophet, ſays ſhe, preaches only to the eye and the ear, and that is all that he does or can pretend to: but CHRIST, my prophet, preaches in the heart, to the affections. From him is every good motion divine or human. He is the unknown God of your ſpirit, my maſter, my Abenamin; and you feel his precious power while you diſavow his name.

I was puzzled, I was ſilenced. I bent a knee in reverence, kiſſed her hand, and withdrew.

I ſent for the chief of the Chriſtian miſſionaries, throughout the city and country. I conſulted each of them in private, but received no ſatisfaction from them. They all appeared equally zealous for my reformation, but attempted it by different, and even by oppoſite arguments.

Some would have perſuaded me to be Chriſtian, by ſhewing the abſurdity of every religion that was not Chriſtian. Others affirmed that my eternal ſalvation depended on

on my conformity to certain external rules and penances. While the greateſt number inveighed againſt the Chriſtians of every other denomination; and would have thruſt me wholly from Chriſt, if I did not conſent to receive him within their ſtinted pale.

I knew not what to do: I was put to a ſtand, and quite confounded by this multiplicity of conflicting opinions. At length, a countryman of my own came to me from the deſart. He had been a great ſinner, but was converted by the ſenſe of his ſins; and he was revered and reſorted to by all the friendleſs and afflicted.

I opened my ſoul to him, with all its doubts and difficulties.—My friend in Chriſt, ſaid he, with a gentle and ſtill voice, they have been leading you all aſtray, quite away from the haven that ſtretches forth it arms for the reception of long toiled mariners, whom ſtorms have at length compelled to ſeek a final port.

The God of your creation can alone be your redemption; the God of your nature can alone be the ſalvation of the nature that he imparted. But who ſhall convince you of this? Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the doctors upon earth, till the Chriſt of your heart ſhall be pleaſed to convince you that you are, as indeed you are, (however mighty a monarch), a poor, frail, erring, vile and deſpicable

ſpicable creature; ſubjected to innumerable lapſes and infirmities, ſickneſs, paſſions, and croſſes, griefs, agonies, and death. When this is effectually done, the whole of the buſineſs is done. You will call for and catch at a Saviour, in the ſenſibility of your want of him. When you come thus laden with your ſins to him, he will in no wiſe caſt you out. But he will take you, as Noah took the wearied dove into the ark, he will take you within the veil of his own temple of reſt: and all ſects, forms, and ceremonies, will be as the outward courts, with which you ſhall have no manner of commerce or concern.

My heart felt the weight and the fulneſs of conviction. I took him to my arms, and requeſted inſtant baptiſm. My Eloiſa was called; we locked ourſelves in; and I was waſhed by water and faith into Chriſt, while my kneeling angel wept a ſtream of delight beſide me.

It is ſaid that poſſeſſion cloys. But I experienced, my dear D'Augbiny, that love never cloys. Every day with my Eloiſa, ſeemed to triumph, in heart felt happineſs, over my firſt bridal day. But O, what was the joy, the exultation of my fond heart, when ſhe gave me to be the father of a little daughter of paradiſe!

One day, while we were toying and fooling with the ſmiling infant, and throwing her, as ſhe

ſhe crowed from the one to the other, Ah, my huſband cries Eloiſa, how poor I was lately, no parents, no kindred, nothing but my Abenamin upon the whole earth! and now God has been pleaſed to make my affliction to laugh, and to give this babe for a further band, a precious link of love between us.

He was juſt in this part of his narration, when the muſic founded to the banquet. We inſtantly roſe and joined our Eloiſa.

When the collation was removed, madam, ſaid I to the empreſs, have you ever heard of a relation of yours, chriſtened by the name of Fanny Goodall, and lately counteſs of Maitland? I have, ſaid ſhe, often heard my fond father ſpeak of her with filling eyes. She is in this city, madam. She is no longer counteſs of Maitland. She is now doubly your relation, your aunt as well as your couſin; and goes by the title of the marchioneſs D'Aubigny. With the good leave of my lord here, I will bring her to you directly.

I went to the palace appointed for my reſidence; I there gave my Fanny a few heads of the ſtory of our Eloiſa, and took her haſtily to the preſence.

The ladies looked at each other, in long and ſilent admiration. Then opening their arms, and ruſhing together, they continued ſome minutes locked in mutual embraces.

Madam,

Madam, ſaid the emperor, ſmiling, I think I ought to be allowed the ſame liberties with my aunt, that your huſband took with his niece. Whereon he welcomed and careſſed her with an affectionate fervour.

O, exclaimed the royal fair, how very poor, and how very rich our God can ſuddenly make us! But then, lord of my life, to think of parting, of parting with theſe dear friends again, perhaps never to ſee them more——— that's what ſinks and wrings my heart, in the very midſt of exultation.

That my love, ſaid the emperor, is the very important article on which I wiſh to conſult with you and our friends here, our dear kindred in Chriſt. But I muſt firſt ſhew them their young relation, my little inchantreſs, my precious pearl, my eye delighting Abenaide.

He then ſtept forth, and, after a while, led in a gracefully-moving creature, but veiled from the head to the waiſt. Throw up your veil, my love, ſays he; here are none but your friends, your very dear relations, your lovely aunt, and your uncle the marquis and marchioneſs D'Aubigny.

She did as ſhe was ordered; and inſtantly broke upon my ſight, like a new glory ariſen upon mid-day.

My Fanny ſeized upon her, as deſirous of devouring her. And I in turn, took her to me with tearful eyes, as almoſt perſuaded that I em-

I embraced the newly revived perſon of my deareſt ſiſter Louiſa; ſo perfect was the reſemblance in every grace and feature.

When we had nearly oppreſſed the celeſtial looking maid with our inſatiate careſſes, ſhe ſeized our hands, and kiſſing them, cried, What a bleſſed day is this, that enriches Abenaide with two parents more; another precious father, and another lovely mother; happy, happy Abenaide!

Her royal father then gave a beck, and ſhe inſtantly vaniſhed; while her abſence ſeemed to caſt a ſhade throughout the room.

The monarch then deeply muſing and heavily ſighing, began——I am now, my deareſt friends, friends beloved above the world, and all that it contains, I am now to open to you my inmoſt heart, and to reveal a purpoſe whereon I have been ruminating theſe many months, but could not hit on an expedient for bringing it to paſs. How opportune has our JESUS ſent you to us on this occaſion!

I have but two children living; my Abenaide, and a ſon, by a former woman of my ſeraglio. His name is Abencerrage; he is a youth renowned in the field, but of a proud and impetuous demeanour. He had long conceived an illicit paſſion for his young and lovely ſiſter. At length the fire broke forth, and he lately attempted her honour.

I would have inſtantly put him to death, had

had I any other heir to ſucceed to my dominions. I therefore contented myſelf with baniſhing him my court and my preſence; though I am ſenſible that this has not availed for the extinguiſhing his horrid flame.

Now, my friends, ſhould I die, or ſhould this violent boy break into rebellion, for he is the favourite of the licentious ſoldiery; I tremble to think what would become of my bright-eyed dove, within the talons of ſuch a vulture.

This, together with my eager deſire of quitting a kingdom of infidels, and of joining with the bleſſed ſociety and communion of ſaints, has, after many ſtruggles, determined me to abdicate my throne; as ſoon as I can amaſs and tranſmit a fund ſufficient for ſupporting my Eloiſa and myſelf, with becoming dignity, in her native country.

Ah, my lord, I cried, claſping him paſſionately in my arms, regard not your treaſures, delay not a moment for that! your Eloiſa's relations, both by father and mother, are poſſeſſed of princely fortunes, and they will be all freely at the diſpoſal of your majeſty.

Ah, my D'Aubigny, ſaid he, I am not yet ſo duly mortified a Chriſtian as needleſsly to elect a ſtate of dependence, or willingly to deſcend at once from the king to the beggar. I have however been preparing: I have already converted a large part of my effects into bills

and jewels, of high value but light portage, to the amount, as I think, of about ſixty millions of French money: this I will tranſmit by you; and as ſoon as I ſhall have compaſſed an equal ſum, I will ſtay no longer in Africa, I will fly to your boſoms, my precious friends.

In the mean time, this violent and luſtful boy gives no reſt to my apprehenſions. It is therefore neceſſary that I commit my Abenaide to your truſt. It is neceſſary, I ſay, that I tear away my choiceſt limb, the deareſt part of my vitals! Support me, CHRIST, in the trial! but it muſt be gone through.

This, however, muſt be done with all poſſible privacy. I am perſuaded that my young villain has his ſpies in and about my palace. I ſhall therefore requeſt my dear aunt, to diſguiſe my little girl in boy's apparel, and to blacken every part of her viſible complexion, that ſhe may paſs unnoticed, as your page, through the midſt of my attendants. As alſo that it may prove, during the travels of my darling, a preſervative againſt the luſt of the eye, and any further attempt tending to violation.

At length the time approached and preſſed for my departure; but how to part was the queſtion. All attendants were ordered to avoid the preſence far away. Our metamorphoſed Abenaide ſtood weeping beſide us, while her father and mother cruſhed us, ſucceſſively,

ceſſively, to their boſoms. All was paſſion, a guſh of tears, but not a word was uttered on any part.

O, my D'Aubigny, cried the emperor at length, friend, brother of my heart, can you conceive what I feel at this inſtant? I regard not the world, nor the things of the world. Omit ſuch neceſſary accommodations as are common to us with brutes; and all, belonging to the immortal and divine humanity of man, is magnetiſm, is fellowſhip, the feeling as of ſteel to adamant, and of adamant to ſteel. There is the friendſhip, the endearment, the love paſſing love, and ſurpaſſing all other enjoyment. If we meet again, my D'Aubigny, I ſhall anticipate my heaven!

Again, he embraced his little angel; and again he embraced his queen, and beſought her to be comforted. We then took leave, as for the laſt; and again they called us back, and embraced and took leave again; till, ſeeing no end, I ſuddenly broke away, hurrying with us our Abenaide for fear of obſervation. I forgot, however, to tell you, that the day before our departure, the royal Abenamin had enjoined me to ſet apart twenty millions of livres, for the portion of his child, in caſe ſhe ſhould be married to any great prince or potentate; requeſting me; at the ſame time, not to put any conſtraint on the inclinations of his lamb.

I have little further to ſay, my brother. We arrived ſafe at Paris, where we received your letter; and impatient to make you happy, I diſpatched my Fanny with her train and your Abenaide before me; enjoining them, however, not to reveal our ſecret till my arrival. For, as I had charged myſelf with the loſs of your Eloiſa, I deemed myſelf beſt entitled to make you reparation in perſon. But I ought not to omit, that, before I left Paris, I received a further remittance of twenty millions from your ſon-in-law, ſo that we may ſpeedily look to have the royal pair in England.

Soon after, a poſt chaiſe whirled into the court, and Harry, flying out, caught Clement and Arabella into his ſtrict embrace. He then hurried them in, where Mr Clinton received and careſſed, and introduced them to the duke and ducheſs, as perſons of great merit, and his highly valued friends. He then preſented to them his Abenaide, who ſaluted Clement, and embraced Arabella, with an affectionate familiarity.

O Sir, cried our hero, kiſſing his uncle's hand, am I ſo be the laſt perſon in the world, whom you will honour with a ſalute from your bewitching daughter? I aſk your pardon, my lord, ſaid Mr Clinton ſolemnly—Allow me then, at length, to repair my omiſ-

ſion,

ſion, by preſenting to your earlſhip her little highneſs Abenaide.

The duke and ducheſs and Meekly laughed! But Harry was not a whit the ſlower in laying hold of his advantage.

He kiſſed her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks; and laſtly dwelt upon her lips, as though he would have infuſed his ſoul between them. Harry, Harry, cried Mr Clinton, I will never introduce you to my girl again, unleſs you promiſe not to kiſs ſo hard and bring ſo much blood into her face.

Juſt then a footman entered; My lord, ſays he to Harry, here are three carriages and ſeveral horſemen waiting without the gate; they enquire for one maſter Fenton, who, they ſay, lives with the earl of Moreland; but I aſſured them there was no ſuch perſon in the houſe. O, Sir, ſaid Harry, theſe are our old friends the Fieldings, and out he flew.

As he approached the carriages, the company gave a ſhout of joy. Why, Sir, ſaid Mr Fielding, a ſervant denied you to us, and ſaid that no one of the name of Fenton lived here. O, ſays Harry, dont heed the blockhead, he is but a new comer.

He then opened the doors of the carriages, and handed and kiſſed them, in turns, as they came out, Mr and Mrs Fielding, the reverend Mr Catharines and his ſainted Phebe, and Ned and his blooming bride.

Mr Clinton received them at the door, with the joy of his heart apparent in his countenance. He then introduced them to his moſt noble brother and ſiſter, to his friend Meekly, and laſtly, he preſented his Abenaide to them, on whom they all gazed in mute and reverential aſtoniſhment.

Harry then obſerving that his uncle had not equally preſented his daughter to Ned, Sir, ſaid he, I apprehend that this is not quite fair; I have already kiſſed the fair bride of my friend, with all my heart; and it is but honeſt that he ſhould be favoured with a ſalute from mine, in turn.

Harry then took Ned by the hand and preſented him to his beloved. While Ned bent the knee, and touching her hand tremblingly, looked awfully to her face, and ſaid; Yes, bride of Eden, lovely extract of every beauty! you alone can reward, you alone can deſerve him; you alone are fitted to be the mate of my incomparable lord and maſter, my patron and preſerver! So ſaying, he lightly touched his lips to the poliſhed hand. But the praiſes of her Harry had gone, with a pleaſant trickling, to the heart of Abenaide, and gently raiſing Ned, ſhe affectionately ſaluted him with a gliſtening eye.

Pray Sir, ſaid Mr Fielding, whiſperingly, to Mr Clinton, is the earl of Moreland in company?

pany?——That is he, Sir, pointing to Harry. ——O then, cried Fielding, he is titled below his merits; it was for an emperor that nature intended him.

Dinner was then ſerved ——During the repaſt the duke ſaid, Let us not, my brother, keep our Harry in pain; why ſhould we delay the happineſs of children ſo very dear to us? With regard to your child's marriage to ſome mighty prince, as your ſon-in-law hinted, I think her more ennobled and more illuſtrious by her marriage with our hero here, who purchaſed her at his peril, than if ſhe were mated to the greateſt potentate on earth.

You muſt excuſe me, my noble brother, ſaid Mr Clinton; I will have no clandeſtine doings in this buſineſs. My girl ſhall be married in the face and witneſſing of thouſands; leſt hereafter, this young rogue ſhould have the effrontery to deny her. What day of the week is this? Thurſday, I think; let Monday ſe'nnight be the day!

Harry roſe and preſſed and kiſſed the hand of the duke with rapture, and then kiſſed the hand of his patron in ſilent ſubmiſſion.

They kept the Fieldings with them for three days. But Harry would not part with his Clement, nor Abenaide with Arabella, till the marriage ſhould be over. Harry in the preſence of theſe two friends, attempted to take

ſome

ſome little accuſtomed liberties, under her name of Abenamin. But the proprietor of his heart ſweetly repulſed him, and cried, No, no, honeſt friend, I will box with you whenever and as often as you pleaſe; but no more wreſtling my Harry!

In the mean time, all preparations were puſhed into forwardneſs by Mr Clinton. The many ſhops of the many towns, within many miles around, were emptied of their boards and ſheeting, their knives and forks, &c. Thouſands of tables and forms were framed, thouſands of tents were erected. Proclamation was made in every village, and all people within thirty miles were invited to the wedding.

When the day approached, one hundred oxen were ſlain, five hundred ſheep, three hundred ſwine, with fifty fat deer, &c. &c. The ſpits fried, and the cauldrons ſmoked over the fires of many a field.

At length the auſpicious morning roſe; and Harry and his bride were already up and dreſſed in their reſpective apartments.

The princeſs was habited, after the Perſian faſhion, in a veſt of ſilver brocading, ſcalloped over a petticoat of the ſame fabric, that flowed in a train behind. A ſcarf of cerulean tint flew between her right ſhoulder and her left hip, being buttoned at each end by a roſe of rubbies; her ſhining treſſes of jetty black, bound

bound together at her neck beneath a huge amethyſt, fell down in luxuriant ringlets, and ſhaded and revealed by turns the fine bend of her tapering waiſt; a coronet of diamonds, through which there waved a white branch of the feathers of the oſtrich, was inſerted on the left decline of her lovely head; and a ſtomacher of ineſtimable brilliants roſe beneath her dazzling boſom, and by a fluctuating blaze of unremitted glory, checked and turned the eye away from too preſumptuous a gaze.

Our hero, coming forth, beheld her, as a pillar of fire, juſt iſſuing from her antichamber. He ſtepped back, as ſhe advanced, and fixed his eyes upon her in mute aſtoniſhment; then ſpringing forward, he fell proſtrate and kiſſed the hem of her robing. Again riſing on one knee, he lifted his hands toward heaven, and his eyes to her glowing countenance. Oppreſſive power of beauty! he cried, O, may every day riſe, like this, on my ſoul-enrapturing Abenaide, encircling her with friendſhip, love, and joy, and the knee of admiring thouſands!

Arabella attended her royal friend, and Clement his noble pupil, juſt as Longfield entered to give an account of his expedition. But he had ſcarce begun his detail, when, catching the images of his long parted friends, he cried, Bleſs me, my lord, Mrs Clement, I think!

think! Yes, my Longfield, ſaid Harry, and here too is your old and faſt friend Hammel Clement. Clement would not have known Longfield in his preſent genteel plight; but hearing his name, and recollecting him at a glance, he flew and ſeized upon him with a ſtrenuous embrace. Arabella then advanced to welcome her old preſerver; but Longfield reſpectfully bowed and ſhrunk back.

You ſhall not eſcape me ſo, my dear Mr Longfield, ſays ſhe; I cannot forget what I owe you, even my life and reputation; and I bleſs the father of mercies, who has put it in our power to pay part of our debt, and ſo ſaying ſhe embraced him with freedom and cordiality. Yes, my dear Longfield, cried Hammel, yours is the half of our fortune, and more than the half of our hearts. Your heart, Sir, ſaid Longfield, will ever be moſt valuable; but as to any thing additional, the bounty of my young maſter has rendered all further fortune quite ſuperfluous to me.

Longfield then beckoned his lord forth, that he might relate to his eye, rather than to his ear, the ſucceſs of his commiſſion. They haſtened to a long barn, where he ſhewed Harry two ranges of beautiful children, one of a hundred choſen girls, another of a hundred choſen boys, all dreſſed in a clean and elegant uniform. Harry walked between the

ranks,

ranks, his heart exulting in the ſenſe of its own divine humanity. Then embracing his agent, Yes, my Longfield, he cried, theſe ſhall be indeed my children; and I will prove a true and affectionate father to them. But let us haſten to beſtow upon them a tender mother too, I truſt.

He flew back, as a glimpſe of lightning, and ſeizing and half devouring the hand of his bride, Will you pardon me, my beloved, ſays he, ſome matters that happened before our union? I have collected all the children I ever had before marriage. I ſcorn any thing that is clandeſtine. They wait for your inſpection; and I hope that you will not prove a hard ſtep-mother to them. You are a rogue, ſays ſhe, archly ſmiling, and giving him a pat on the cheek; but come along; and ſo ſaying, away they tripped.

The princeſs walked, with a ſilent and muſing attention, up and down the ranges. Her heart grew ſtrongly affected, and taking out her handkerchief, ſhe wiped away the dropping tear. And has my lord, ſays ſhe to Longfield, has he indeed taken upon him to be a father to all this pretty hoſt of little ones? He has ſo, pleaſe your highneſs, ſays Longfield, and has accordingly clothed and provided for them. O, ſhe cried, under the FATHER which is in heaven he is the deareſt and ſweeteſt father that ever was upon earth!

So

So exclaiming, ſhe ſprung at Harry, and notwithſtanding her late coyneſs, ſcarce vouchſafing a hand to his lips, ſhe now grappled about his neck, half ſmothering him with the repetition of her kiſſes and careſſes; and then thruſting her face into his boſom, ſhe vented her paſſion in tears.

On their return, they perceived Mr Clinton, the duke and duchefs, all ſtanding in the great folding door; and flying up the marble ſteps, they both bent the knee, and received the joint bleſſings and ſucceſſive careſſes of their three exulting parents.

Juſt then Harry ſpied goodman Dobſon and his dame coming diffidently but puffingly up the avenue. Inſtantly he caught his angel by the hand, and haſtened to meet them. He took them ſucceſſively in his arms, and kiſſed them with warm affection, while with yearning hearts and bowels, they wiſhed him joy upon joy. They then kneeled down on each ſide of the princeſs, kiſſing her hands and garments, and bleſſing her for beſtowing ſuch a heaven of beauty upon their Harry. But as ſoon as Harry told her that they were his foſterers, his very dear daddy and mammy; ſhe raiſed and kiſſed them in turns, with her arms about their necks; and beſought them to be her daddy and mammy alſo; for alas, ſays ſhe, my daddy and mammy are far away. Harry then gave them in-

to

to the hands of his huntſman, with orders to take them to the larder.

The multitude, before this, began to thicken apace. And the youth had got together in the great lawn, caſting the coit and the ſledge, and leaping over a cord that was raiſed between two poſts.

My lovely Harry, cried the duke, I have heard things almoſt incredible, of your proweſs and action, but never ſaw any ſample ſave the mounting of your Bucephalus. Will you be ſo good to give me ſome inſtance of your excellence among yonder young competitors, whom I ſuppoſe to be the moſt eminent that the ſhire can exhibit? Do, my Harry, ſaid Mr Clinton, claſping and kiſſing him, indulge my deareſt brother on this our day of jubilee.

Harry bowed, and ordered his page to bring him his quarterſtaff, and diſpatched another for a cord and two long poles. He then walked down the avenue, attended by the males and females of the whole family.

As they approached the lawn, a youth of uncommon vigour had cleared the former cord, though raiſed to ſomething upward of five feet in height; but all who attempted to follow, either recoiled or pitched over.

Harry then cauſed his two poles to be erected to an elevation of ten feet, with a cord

reaching from top to top. The multitude came down, in thouſands, to ſee what they were about. When Harry, having cleared the conteſted cord with a ſtanding hop, went backward from his lofty poles, about the diſtance of thirty paces; then ruſhing forward, he advanced one end of his ſtaff to the ground, and ſpringing, and raiſing, and riſing upon the oppoſite end, he pitched himſelf over the elevated ſtring; while the multitude beheld him, as a new-riſen phœnix, ſuſpended and glittering in the air, and then alighting, as winged, on the other ſide.

The elements were rent by an univerſal ſhout, which followed and undulated after our company, till they ſheltered themſelves within the houſe.

The Fieldings then arrived, with the reverend Mr Catharines, who was appointed to join the angelic pair.

After breakfaſt, the carriages were ordered out. Firſt, Mr Clinton and his Meekly moved away, in Mr Clinton's coach and ſix to the church. The family of the Fieldings then followed in a coach and ſix, and two chariots. Next went Clement and his Arabella, in their poſt-chaiſe and four. The duke and ducheſs then ſucceeded, in a ſumptuous coach proudly drawn by ſix German greys, attended by a long retinue of French liveries,

liveries, and the ducheſs's women in a coach and four. Laſt advanced the princeſs's four faithful Moors, mounted on fiery courſers, and all gliſtering in Barbaric gems and adornments. And laſt of all came our hero and his Abenaide, enthroned in her open chariot, as two pearls of the Orient in a caſe of burniſhed gold; her ſix ſpotted Arabians, reſtraining their impatience, beat meaſures with their feet, ſcarce ſeeming to advance the pace of a tortoiſe. Never will any ſight ſo glorious be exhibited, till the heavenly Jeruſalem ſhall deſcend upon earth.

Harry's page cloſed the rear, mounted on his lord's charger, who ſtepped foaming behind the chariot; and the long cavalcade nearly reached from the great hotel to the entrance of the town.

The crowd, however, extended wide and far beyond the cavalcade. They bowed reſpectfully, and paid obeiſance to Mr Clinton, the duke, &c. as they paſſed; but as ſoon as they got a glimpſe of the chariot of their young Phæton, their acclamations became unremitted and almoſt inſufferable to the ear, like the ſhouts of a Perſian army at the riſing of the ſun.

Slowly as our Harry moved, the multitude ſtrove to retard him, by throwing themſelves in his way, that they might ſatiate their eyes

and

and ſouls with the fulneſs of beauty. Bended knees and lifted hands, prayers, bleſſings, and exclamations were heard and ſeen on all ſides; and all the way as they went, thouſands upon tens of thouſands ſhouted forth the hymeneal of the celeſtial pair!

THE END.

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